

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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MARIETTA GAZZANIGA.

MADAME GAZZANIGA MALASPINA, the subject of our sketch, was born at Voghera, a small town in the neighborhood of Pavia, in Lombardy, on the 8th of June, 1826. Her father was a lawyer, in easy circumstances, and it was comparatively long before her inborn love of music was developed into a passion for the stage. At the early age of six, however, Marietta was distinguished by her voice, and in her sixteenth year her talents attracted the attention of Signor Amadeo Cetto, a dilettante of Voghera, who counselled her parents to add the advantage of competent instruction to her natural genius. She was accordingly placed with Alberto Mazzucato, one of the first Italian *maestri*, and after one year's instruction only, her *début* took place at La Scala, in Milan. The part was Sappho, and Marietta's success unequivocal. After several representations of Sappho, each of which added to the admiration excited by her first performance, she performed in two operas by Mazzucato—the "Due Sargenti" and "Luigi V.," the latter having been composed expressly for her.

After a triumphant season at Milan, Marietta Gazzaniga played triumphant engagements at Turin, Como, and elsewhere, in the "Capuletti," "Templari," "Nabucco," "Lucrezia," and other operas, appearing also in the part of Lucrezia at Varese, in Lombardy. At this place her extraordinary genius excited to such a degree the admiration of a wealthy nobleman, that he ordered the company of military which he maintained at his own expense to escort and serenade the prima donna after her performance. During the Carnival of 1844, Marietta Gazzaniga performed at Lucca, principally in the operas of "Linda di Chamounix" and "Don Pasquale," and afterwards appeared at Florence, where, after being engaged in the performance of the unsuccessful opera entitled "Saul" by its composer, Speranza, she played in the "Elisire" and in "Il Bravo," in the last of which she appeared together with Erminia Frezzolini, Poggi, Castellane and Debasini. Frezzolini was at that period in the height of her fame and popularity, and to venture upon the stage simultaneously with one who stood confessedly at the summit of her art, was a bold undertaking for a youthful prima donna; but she triumphed over the difficulties of the situation, and her fame extended with each performance. After a brief interval, she appeared again at Florence, where she sang in "Giovanna d'Arco," and in "Buondelmonte," which was composed expressly for her by Pacini. In 1844 she sang at

Leghorn, and was so successful during her engagement, that it was renewed by the management, nor was it until 1845 that she left Tuscany for Venice. During the years 1845 and 1846 she sang successively in every one of the principal Italian cities. Her repertoire included the large number of forty-two operas. Her remarkable career exhibited no single fiasco. Wherever she appeared she became at once the favorite of the press and

the idol of the public. The fame of the rising artiste soon extended beyond the Italian peninsula, and she was called to Madrid, where she became a favorite at once. She sang during several years at the Spanish capital, and in 1855 made a tour of the provinces. In 1856 she returned to Italy, where she gave thirty-eight performances, of which twenty-six were Verdi's "Traviata."



MADAME GAZZANIGA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

In February, 1857, Madame Gazzaniga made her first appearance before an American audience at Philadelphia. Her success there was deservedly great, and she passed from thence to Boston and New York, and after a few additional performances at Philadelphia, she sailed for Havana, where she performed during the last winter. The Cubans exceeded even their brethren of Madrid in the enthusiasm which they manifested at her performances. They recognized in her impulsive and earnest manner that genius which gives lifelike reality to a simulated character, and marks the great from the mediocre artist. They appreciated her for what she did, and forgot the minor blemishes in the resplendent glory of her grand inspirations. They judged her rightly, and the tokens of their enthusiasm were solidly gratifying, and proved the sincerity of their appreciation.

Madame Gazzaniga, who will be one of the bright particular stars of Max Maretzek's season in Havana, is now finishing an honorable and successful engagement at the Academy of Music. Notwithstanding the extraordinary popularity, the almost idolatrous admiration of Piccolomini, Gazzaniga has made her genius acknowledged, and has received a brilliant ovation in the shape of one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season, on the occasion of her performance of Leonora in "La Favorita." She was greeted with extraordinary enthusiasm from the moment of her appearance to the close of the opera. Her acting in the last act could hardly be surpassed, and the public and the press acknowledged her glorious talents. Gazzaniga is still young, and has before her a brilliant career. She has the good wishes of all for her prosperity.

On leaving New York, to the regret of thousands of her admirers, Madame Gazzaniga proceeds to Charleston, and will sail thence for Havana on the first of December, in the steamship Isabel. The operatic performances to take place during the coming winter in the capital of Cuba promise to excel in brilliancy even those which have been presented during the last five years. The contretemps which has delayed Maret-

sek's arrival in the Queen of the Antilles has added an eagerness, unusual even among the music-loving Habaneros, to witness his coming; and the theatre which he has at length succeeded in securing will undoubtedly be found scarcely of sufficient size to accommodate his audiences. Opera, in fact, is nothing less than a passion during the Havana winter, and the presence of Madame Gazzaniga, who is idolatrously worshipped there, will contribute not a little towards fanning the already ardent flame.

TO THE MOONBEAM.

Verses from an Unpublished Poem by Shelley.

MOONBEAM, leave the shadowy vale,
To bathe this burning brow;
Moonbeam, why art thou so pale,
As thou walkest o'er the dewy dale,
Where humble wild flowers grow?
Is it to mimic me?
But that can never be;
For thine orb is bright,
And the clouds are light,
That at intervals shadow the star-studded night.

Now all is deathly still on earth,
Nature's tired frame reposes;
And ere the golden morning's birth
Its radiant hues disclose,
Flies forth its balmy breath.
But mine is the midnight of Death,
And Nature's morn,
To my bosom forlorn,
Brings but a gloomier night, implants a deadlier thorn.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Explosion of a Metallic Coffin.—A few years have served to bring into extensive use for burial purposes the now common metallic cases or coffins, especially whenever it is desirable or necessary to delay the interment. When first introduced, it was the practice to exhaust the air in these cases after the body had been put in, to secure them fully, it was said, against change by contact with the atmosphere. For various reasons, this practice has fallen into disuse, the only precautions now taken being to completely cool the remains before sealing up the case. From some neglect in this latter respect, a circumstance took place not long ago, which, originating here, is worth relating. The case, containing an adult, who had suddenly died while apparently in good health, was sealed up to be sent for interment to a neighboring State. The conveyance for half a day's ride was by railroad, and then by wagon for thirty miles. The day was warm and the road rough, and much motion was doubtless given to the remains. The persons in charge stopped for a brief rest at a tavern, and were in the house, when they, as well as all in the vicinity, were startled by a very loud report, and it was found that the burial case had, by a rapid generation of gas, exploded with violence, entirely blowing out the heavy French glass plate, which it shattered into a thousand pieces. Nothing could be done but to seek a hasty interment in the vicinity, and await the coming of cold weather to allow the removal of the remains to their destined place of burial.

Saloon Amusements.—Coroner Wills held an inquest on a young Californian, named Tompkins, on Wednesday. It appears, while at a drinking and concert saloon on the previous Saturday, he made some irreverent remark on the golden tresses of one of the attendant Hebes; the result was a heavy blow from some ruffian admirer of hers present, which felled him to the earth; while down he was also kicked by him; he was taken to his boarding-house, where he died some hours afterwards. The verdict was, "Death by compression of the brain, from rupture of a blood-vessel, caused by violence received at the hands of some person unknown." We advise the Commercial Life Assurance Company to put a clause in their policies forbidding any person assured in it to visit these dangerous places.

A Cute Irishman.—Pat Boyle, an Irishman, yesterday performed a feat that beats the Yankees clean out of their skins. At the early age of sixteen he had adopted the New England profession, and become a pedlar; and yesterday, while perambulating Market street, with his wares—not "wooden nutmegs," but *bone watches*!—he met and accosted a well-matured Jew, named Solomon, and positively sold him a nice round stone for \$3 50, after having shown Solomon a silver watch, which, upon payment of the money, he slipped into his pocket, and handed over the geological specimen. Now, unfortunately for Pat, Solomon unrolled the paper and found himself sold, and straightway cried, "Watch I vatch!" and to his joy found that a genuine watchman was at his elbow. Poor Pat had to give up his stock in trade, watches, stones and all, and "turn in" at the Second District Station-house, where he is now doing penance and awaiting examination.

Impudent Request.—The public will, no doubt, recollect the brutal manner with which Alderman McSpedon told the reporters to go off the platform in the Crystal Palace, on the celebration of the Atlantic Cable; and upon their declining, calling upon the police to forcibly expel them. His conduct to Mr. Leslie at the dinner we shall say nothing about, as it is before another tribunal. With these instances of misconduct fresh in the public mind, it is difficult to conceive any man so totally lost to shame and self-respect as to make the following snivelling appeal to the very gentlemen he had so grossly insulted. It occurred in his speech the other night at the Board of Aldermen: "We have been denounced as the worst of men—as thieves and vagabonds, and all that kind of thing; and I really do think that the members of the press, who have an opportunity of seeing the members of the board here every day—think they at least ought to come to our rescue in a matter of this kind, particularly as the presiding officer of this Board is a member of their profession. I think it unnecessary for us to take any action in the matter."

Alderman Clancy, thus personally called upon, knows better than to lead the columns of his popular paper, the *Leader*, to rescue such men as Tuomey, Reed and McSpedon from their inevitable and impending fate!

A Hint to Delmonico.—Everybody knows that the editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis* defined America to be "a nation with a thousand religions, and only one sauce," meaning tomato, although our fair friend Mrs. Tryon says it should be "sarvent gel sauce." It is also equally well known that the cook at Leland's famous hotel, the Metropolitan, declares he has invented a sauce so *piquant* that with it a man might eat his grandmother with considerable gusto. Now we prefer a young woman quite raw to an old lady, although as well dressed as any joint need be. We know some who like their salad undressed. We don't; we think that science improves nature. An English paper, the *Court Journal*, gives an anecdote of Bomba, which almost redeems him in our eyes. We recommend the following to those renowned cuisiniers, John Ittner and Lorenzo Delmonico; let them prepare the dish, and call it the "Leslie Triumph!"

"The present King of Naples is said to be the greatest gourmand in the whole world. At one time, not many years ago, he invented a particular kind of *consommé* for his own particular enjoyment, the mode of making which was as follows: You took a round of beef, into which you introduced a round of veal, which in its turn served as the envelope to a turkey, whilst inside the turkey lay a fowl, inside the fowl a pheasant, then a partridge, then a woodcock, then an ortolan, and last of all, what think you? why, last of all, just filling up the almost impossibly small space—an anchovy! Here lay the great art, and a certain famous cook named Beppo was the individual whose special business it was to send up to the king once a day the phenomenal taceful of gravy produced, as the above-mentioned cook of cooks used to observe, 'by an anchovy encaised in an ox!'"

The Aldermen made Useful.—A meeting was held in the Mayor's private office, on Tuesday, to consider the necessity for an increase of the Mayor's squad of policemen. It appears he has at present only twenty-nine to look after the whole city: there are but four to look after the carmen, and none to look after the coroners—men who want it much more. Now we have a suggestion worthy of Mayor Riemann's consideration: Let the Common Councilmen and Aldermen be sworn in as policemen, *ex-officio*, and this would give them an honest employment and a salary, which at present they do not enjoy. This is the only way we know of making the Aldermen respectable.

The Plainfield Sun.—The organ of the Beaches stigmatizes the Governors of the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania for not having ordained the 25th November as Thanksgiving Day—inasmuch as our citizens could have celebrated the evacuation of the British at the same time. This is absurd. Why mingle the associations of thankfulness to God with enmity to man? We suppose the writer is some insane descendant of the Tories, or else some raw Irishman running for a corner-shop or a poundkeeper. We licked John Bull eighty years ago, and let the poor fellow enjoy it in peace.

California.—Advice at San Francisco from Fraser River are to October 4. The river had fallen some, and considerable gold had been taken out; but the weather had become too cold to work, and the miners were returning in large numbers to California.

Oregon advances are to the 7th ultimo. The Indians were suing for peace, which Colonel Wright refuses to grant unless their propositions are accompanied by an unconditional surrender, together with all their women and property. The soldiers were destroying the grain fields and provisions of the Indians, who were, in consequence, reduced to a state bordering on starvation.

The American Commissioner at Victoria, Mr. Nugent, had interfered to secure to Americans accused of petty crimes the aid of counsel on their trial.

George Penn Johnston, who recently killed W. G. Ferguson, in a duel, near San Francisco, has been arrested on a charge of murder.

There had been an enthusiastic celebration of the triumphant result of the Butterfield overland route on the 11th October at San Francisco. They had received New York news in twenty-three days and twenty-three and a half hours.

David's Profanity.—The Boston *Traveller*, who has a very piquant New York correspondent, says that a good mot was perpetrated by David, the estimable comedian, a day or two ago, on a missionary subject. He was looking over some English papers with one or two other gentlemen, when one of them casually said, "Why do the Britishers send so many bishops to New Zealand?" The sixth has just been appointed." David replied that it must be their way of getting rid of the surplus population! This is almost as good as Brougham's late joke with Coroner Conner, whom he prevented drinking a claret punch at Delmonico's, on the ground that there was no body in it!

Central America.—Mr. Meagher, who has the rare merit of having established the only decent Irish paper in the city, is now giving lectures on a subject of paramount interest to every American. His recent visit with young Paez to Central America has enabled him to see with his own eyes, and to collect information inaccessible to the partisan, whose only desire is to paint what pleases him. Mr. Meagher not only instructs those who hear his travels related, but he better amuses them than the theatres. His consummate powers of combining fact with fancy and of mingling poetry with description, carry one along with him as he "travels o'er again" the sands and swamps, plains and mountains of the land which conquered the "gray-eyed man of destiny." The scenery of the country is portrayed by several monstrous paintings, representing some of the oldest and most interesting towns, and also the wild luxuriance of a South American forest. The lecture included a glance at the present political condition of Costa Rica, the climate and productions of the country, the character and peculiarities of its people, and concluded with an allusion to their future, and a fling at Monsieur Felix Belly, the late self-appointed French ambassador to that country.

A Ferocious Lynx.—A farmer at Cote, St. Paul, near the Lochine Canal, Montreal, on the evening of the 18th ult., perceived a large lynx in his poultry yard, and engaged in feasting on one of his ducks. The owner, not knowing the description of animal he had to deal with, turned out a large and ferocious dog he had upon the lynx, but the dog was soon put *hors du combat*. The lynx then climbed up a tree, when the farmer loaded his gun and put a bullet through his head, which brought him to the ground. The lynx was of large size and in good condition.

Shocking Depravity.—The Buffalo *Republic* says a negro, who was being defended by a lawyer with intense pathos, picked his counsel's pocket of his handkerchief. The *Republic* adds: "In spite of the efforts of his counsel, the rogue was convicted and sentenced to be confined in Auburn for five years. It was only after the negro had been removed that the counsel discovered his loss. When he read this and discovers to whose cruelty his losses may be attributed, an affable and holy calm will steal over him, with the knowledge that the villain is safe in Auburn. The counsel may be a very pious man—a non-combatant—but we think that if we were he we would squander enough railroad fare to go down to Auburn, and make a wreck of that darkey's countenance."

A Righteous Verdict.—A widow lady has just got a verdict against the Commissioners of Emigration, which we hope will teach them to behave more decently to the poor emigrants on their arrival here. Well might Judge Daly say that it was conduct no officer in a despotic country would dare indulge in. We should hardly think the authorities will suffer Mr. Kennedy's conduct to pass without a searching investigation. The jury found a verdict for the woman of \$1,380 dollars, being the value of the money in the trunk and the articles as well. It appeared, from the testimony adduced for the plaintiff, that she is a widow, and on her arrival in this country some fourteen months ago had three trunks, for which she received three checks. She left her baggage at Castle Garden for one day; when she called the next day it was refused her. She then, in her simplicity, said she wanted one of the trunks, as there was money in it; she was then told to come again, and when she came, two days afterwards, two of the packages were given to her, but the third, a box, she could not get. The whole affair has a very awkward look about it.

Baltimore.—The state of anarchy in this city is perfectly appalling—in deed it is so bad that things must mend. A short time since a policeman named Benton gave evidence in a court of law against a man named Gambrill, who was convicted of arson—his brother deliberately shot the policeman. This murder was witnessed by a policeman named Bigdon, who was a few days since shot by a companion of the felon Gambrill in the presence of the unhappy victim's wife. This man and his accomplice are to be tried in a few days for this last murder. The Baltimore papers give a frightful account of the villainies daily practised by the Rip-knaps, the Plug Uglies, and the Black Snakes. The correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following graphic report of an interview he had with these murderers in Baltimore jail: "Go with me to the Baltimore jail. In a room well lighted and aired, and surrounded by some dozen of the same stamp, we find Henry Gambrill, convicted last Friday of blowing out the brains of policeman Benton, just nine weeks since. He is a strapping, scarce twenty-one years. Tall, slim, pale; his countenance denoting dissipation, and his air that of a loose, disorderly youth. He looks reflective and troubled. Has remorse for his cowardly crime overtaken him? Let us see. "So, Gambrill, you were convicted yesterday?" "Yes," he said, in a calculating tone. "Did you sleep last night?" "Yes, better than I have done lately; I am glad the suspense is over. I feel easier to-day." "Have you heard of the murder last night?" "Yes, and it is a bad thing for me." "How so?" "Why, it will make a great excitement and do me harm. I wish they had let it alone." There is no evidence in these words either of sensibility or repentance. Nothing else than a selfish calculation of the chances of escape from law and justice. This boy, Gambrill, kept a drinking saloon, and has cohabited with a loose woman for the last two years. He is the son of a respectable tradesman, has brothers and sisters, one of great beauty, just married. One of his brothers is on bail for arson, as already mentioned. This juvenile assassin was called the pet of the "Plug Uglies," and his influence amongst them arose chiefly from his drinking saloon being a place of rendezvous. Going into another room of the jail, similar to the last, we find here Peter Corrie, who assisted Cropps in murdering policeman Rigdon last Friday, at seven o'clock in the evening. He is a short, thick set man, twenty-five years of age; his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, display brawny arms covered with black hair; his blue eyes, bright with a malign expression; his high cheek bones and closely compressed lips impart something sinister to his face; a butcher by trade, but for years past given up to drunken dissipation, and without occupation or means. He was arrested on Friday night and brought into prison on Saturday morning, three hours before I saw him. He is leaning against the wall of his cell, his arms folded, and his attitude that of a detected felon. "Where did you get that bruise on the nose?" I asked him. "It was a blow from the epaulet of a policeman," he answered, in a tone full of suppressed rage. "Well, it might have been worse, for a ball went through your cap, I hear?" "Yes, they missed it that time," he said, in the same sullen tone. His manner and countenance betrayed symptoms of apprehension lest he might compromise himself by some unwary answer, and so I turned from the catfish in disgust. It was this Corrie who went into Rigdon's shop and drew his wife aside, to give Cropps a better aim at his selected victim. He was pursued by officer Cook for several squares, who fired at Corrie repeatedly, which Corrie more than once returned without effect. Here is another specimen of the tribe of the "Plug Uglies."

The Broadway Murder Hoax.—Judge Russell has released Robert Willis, the gambler, who was accused by an Irish girl of having murdered a man on the 19th of September, and throwing his body in the cistern. Justice Connolly conducted the case with an earnest desire to have the matter sifted, but he evidently put too much faith in the accuser, whose testimony was so startling as to give it an air of improbability. The fact of her seeing a dead body in the cistern, and sleeping in Willis's house after that, is opposed to the nature of that class, which is ignorant and superstitious. The additional fact that she was under arrest for pilfering from Willis has also an ugly look. As it is the matter will remain, like the Burdell, a mystery, although there was not in the Willis case the same unfortunate blundering which frustrated the ends of justice through an injudicious over zeal, as fatal sometimes as complicity with crime. There has been too much party feeling shown in this last matter. One part of the public deny all credit to the accuser because she is Irish, while another concern with equal readiness Willis, because he is a gambler.

The New York Hotel Assault.—Law is becoming now an institution invented for the protection of criminals. An ingenious gentleman like Mr. Ashmead can amuse himself for years in playing with a Canemi as a cat does with a mouse. We consider that Canemi has suffered more from suspense and trials than half a dozen hangings. Dr. Gaillardet stands a chance of being another Canemi, since a new trial is to be moved for. Would it not be the better plan to punish Mr. Cranstone at once for receiving the assault, on the plea that the *receptor* is as bad as the other man.

An On Dit.—It is rumored in fashionable circles that a celebrated prima donna, whose fascinations have conquered all young New York, has herself fallen a victim to the tender passion, and that it is not impossible she may be led before many years to the hymeneal altar by a young literary gentleman connected with one of our illustrated papers. That renowned impresario, Ullman, is in despair. It will be a sad day for her adorers, but these things will happen.

The Mount Vernon Association.—Sincerely sympathizing with those noble women who are zealously working in this laudable enterprise, we give, from the Baltimore *American*, the following statement, in the hope that some of our readers may be prompted to join and advocate their cause. It is a truly gratifying proof that the patriotic zeal which burned in the hearts of the women of the Revolutionary times, and enabled them to brave and endure so much, is not extinct. All hail to the patriots! God speed them in their glorious work!

"The sum to be paid is \$200,000: \$18,000 were paid at the signing of the contract. The first instalment of \$67,000, due January 1, 1859, is now ready to be paid; and it is hoped to raise the entire purchase sum during the present year, in order to take possession on the coming 22d of February."

This sum of \$200,000 is for the purchase money of the two hundred acres only; but there is other money to be raised to complete the undertaking. We are rejoiced, however, that so much is done toward getting possession of the home-stead of Washington; improve the grounds, get rid of partnerships with steamboat owners touching visitors, and last, but not least, the selling by negro women and children, on the "owner's account," almost by the side of the tomb, of "cane cut on the Washington estate."

Art Criticisms.—We have noticed lately some criticisms on painting in the *Home Journal* of so peculiar a character, that a correspondent wishes to know if they are from the pen of the distinguished critic who had that department some years ago. We should say, decidedly not.

Iron vs. Wood in War.—Newspaper writers in the United States, as well as in Great Britain, have for some months past been harping on the supposed imbecility of the naval authorities in their respective countries, in failing to build floating batteries on the model of the "steam battering ram," which the Emperor of France is said to be constructing. The idea, however, of adopting every alleged improvement the moment that it is proposed is one that can only be entertained by the very ill informed, and it is not surprising that the maritime powers have preferred to make some experiments before discarding the well-established system of naval architecture. The following paragraph from the latest foreign papers appears to explode the "steam ram" theory:

"The theory of iron-sided ships resisting the fire of ordinary men-of-war, or shore batteries, has most signally failed in practice, as developed at Portsmouth on Monday (briefly alluded to in the *Times* of yesterday), by the gunnery of her Majesty's ship *Excellent*. The *Excellent*, a new sixteen-gun iron built steam battery, of two hundred horse power, the production, we believe, of Napier, of Glasgow, was moored at four hundred yards' range from the gunboat *Snapper*, iron plates four inches thick (the same consistency as those of which the battery is built), having previously been affixed over the ports on the side next the gunboat. The fire was directed from the *Snapper* at the space between these supplementary plates, the solid side of the battery, and consisted of four sixty-eight pounders 'turned' solid shot, and four thirty-two pounders, the former projected with the service charge of seven pounds of gunpowder, and the latter with ten pounds. The result was instantaneously developed; the thirty-twos merely indented the iron battery, but the sixty-eights passed right through it, and the first of them split two of the beams. Only eight rounds were fired."

Robert Burns.—The birthday of this great poet will be celebrated in New York in a style of great cordiality. It is the design of the Burns' Club of New York, to have a dinner at the Astor House, and celebrate this special occasion by telegraphic exchanges with the principal cities of Great Britain and Ireland. This recognition of mind over matter—of poetry over practice, and thus, as it were, keeping up a perpetual communication with men of mind, is a noticeable feature in the age. Mr. Vair Clirehugh, is the corresponding secretary.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the *Asia* we have London papers to the 30th. The intelligence is neither important nor interesting. The proposed visit of the Sixty-ninth to Ireland will not be suffered to take place. A correspondent of the *Evening Mail* says: "I am glad to see that the *Evening Mail* has directed the attention of the Government to the proposed landing in this country of a regiment of armed men from America, commanded by Col. Ryan. There are just grounds for the exercise of caution in this matter, as I am sorry to inform you that seditious societies have been discovered in this neighborhood, as well as in other places in the west of the county of Cork. They are also creeping inland, and have made some progress in the neighboring county of Kerry. A strange peculiarity pervades this movement."

Lord Derby's Organ on the Charles et Georges Affair.—One of the most significant straws showing the direction of the political wind is the tone adopted by the *Morning Herald*, the especial organ of the Derby Cabinet, on the dispute between Portugal and France. It condemns, in scarcely measured terms, the extraordinary conduct of the French Government, in bullying a weaker power into submission in defiance of all right and justice. It is remarkable, however, that England, the ancient ally and protector of Portugal, should have contented herself with such a protest as this. It was not in this manner that the Government of 1808 opposed another Napoleon on the same spot! But although the case may be momentarily set at rest by the submission of Portugal, it will undoubtedly form a terrible weapon in the armory of the opposition when Parliament meets.

The London Press is very severe upon Louis Napoleon for his insolent dictation in the matter of the Georges and Eliza—it also vehemently censures Lord Derby for allowing France to bully Portugal. Clouds are gathering around the Derby Jew Ministry; it may, however, weather the storm by a very liberal reform bill. The London *Times* has a very insolent article on America, in which it has the audacity to say "that we shall be all the better for a good tarring and feathering." The excitement and indignation are increasing against the Puseyite clergy who advocate auricular confession. There is no fear of such an immoral practice gaining ground in this country. The Oxford clergyman who put such indecent questions to women as the Bishop of Oxford's protégés did, would soon get the tar and feathers the London *Times* talks of. There is a great difference between a criminal relieving his overburdened mind to a minister of religion, and the practice of married and unmarried ladies telling a man their thoughts, and undergoing cross-examinations on the commandments.

TURKEY.

There has been a laughable farce played in Constantinople at the appearance of the United States frigate *Wabash*, which being above the number of guns allowed to cross the Dardanelles was considered as an infraction of the treaty. The ship, therefore, will be obliged to withdraw. In the meantime, it has been very much admired and visited. The sublime Porte evidently thinks the *Wabash* has come for the Harems of Stamboul.

INDIA.

A message to the India House, dated Bombay, Sep. 17, contains a few additional items of news.

The Gwalior rebels were still at Seronge, but it was thought that they would make an attempt to cross the Nerbudda between Saugor and Bilas.

A successful attack on a body of rebels numbering about three thousand, posted on an island of the Gogra, took place on the 19th of September. They were driven out of their entrenched position with it is reported, one thousand killed. The artillery fire did great execution among the fugitives, and also sunk two boats laden with the enemy. Two of the rebel leaders are reported to be among the slain. The British loss was not severe.

The Bombay Presidency remained quiet.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* announces that the journal entitled the *Correspondant* has been seized for an article by the Count de Montalembert on England and India, and that a prosecution is to be instituted against the writer and publisher, who are accused of attacks against the principle of universal suffrage, the authority of which the Emperor is invested with by the constitution and the respect due to the laws. They are further charged with attempting to excite the people to hatred and contempt of the Government, and endeavoring to disturb the public peace. The article in question contains strong language. In one place the Count says: "Finding the foul miasmas creeping over me, my ears tingling with the low title-tattle of ante-chambers and the yells of fanatics who think themselves our masters, or hypocrites who think we are their dupes; suffocated by the servile and corrupting miasma of a loathsome atmosphere, I left France for England to take a breath of fresh air." In another place he says: "Returning to France, I find in *L'Univers*, 23d May, 1858, parliamentary government styled a farce, with scenic decorations. Happy country and happy clergy, whose organ gives such sound information in such decorous phraseology!"

The prosecution of so distinguished a man as the Count Montalembert was expected to produce considerable excitement, and it was regarded as an indication of great confidence in its own strength by the Government.

SPAIN.

A letter from Madrid says that all the ships intended for the transport of troops in the contemplated expedition against Mexico had sailed for Cuba, except one, which was detained at Cadix by bad weather.

A telegram from Madrid, dated October 25th, says: "It is stated that a royal ordinance is shortly to be published, which will give a greater extension to the importation into Spain of tobacco from the Philippine Islands, and which will give an advantage to the planters in that colony over those in the United States."

JAPAN.

The treaty concluded with Japan by Lord Elgin is said to be almost identical with the American treaty. One year after its ratification five ports will be opened to English traders. Cotton and woollen fabrics are only to pay a duty of 5 per cent. of the declared value on importation. Almost all other articles are to pay 20 per cent. A resident Minister is to be permitted at Jeddo. Exports are to be subject to a duty of 5 per cent. The Dutch had not as yet succeeded in obtaining the privileges granted to other nations. During Lord Elgin's visit to Jeddo, the Emperor was unwell, which was given as an excuse for his not receiving his lordship.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Statistics.—Mr. Willich says: "The announcement made some time ago, that in France, in the year 1854, the deaths had exceeded the births by 69,318, induced me to draw out a comparative statement of the population of Great Britain and France, in order that the effects of such decrease might be traced to the state of the population, classed quinquennially. The fact of such decrease appears to be confirmed by the relative number of individuals alive in each 100,000 of the population in France under the age of 35, as compared with Great Britain. The difference is more than 10 per cent. in favor of this country. The increase in Great Britain in forty years, from 1811 to 1851, is 8,909,387, or nearly 74 per cent. on the population of 1811. The increase in France in thirty-six years, from 1820 to 1856, is 4,588,177 or 18½ per cent. on the population of 1820. This table gives a comparative view of births and deaths in England and Wales and France:

ENGLAND AND WALES.		FRANCE.	
Year.	Excess of Births.	Year.	Excess of Births.
1847.	116,661	1847.	62,555
1848.	163,226	1848.	104,690
1849.	137,320	1849.	13,458
1850.	224,427	1850.	187,319
1851.	220,469	1851.	162,458
1852.	216,877	1852.	154,385
1853.	191,234	1853.	141,371
1854.	196,500	1854 (decrease)	69,318
1855.	209,350		

Young Romance has seldom had a fairer nut to crack than this. It is the freak of two English girls of the respective ages of nine and eleven years, daughters of Mr. John Bacon, an officer of the military store department of Woolwich Arsenal, and brother of the Queen's Councillor of that name, who were missed from their home one Sunday night under extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Bacon and his family, who inhabit a semi-detached villa overlooking the Plumstead Road and the Royal Arsenal, but which is otherwise somewhat isolated, retired to rest about eleven o'clock. On rising the following morning at seven, Mrs. Bacon entered the little girls' room, adjoining her own, when she was alarmed to find they were absent. Inquiries were promptly set on foot, and a hue and cry was raised throughout the neighborhood by means of the police, but up to Tuesday night no tidings had been obtained of the lost children, nor had the slightest information been gleaned as to the cause or means of their departure. It was first supposed that they had been decoyed away from their home. On Wednesday, however, they were restored to their parents by Sergeant Fay, a detective officer, who had learned that two little girls had arrived on Monday at a coffee-house in Whitechapel, London, and taken up their quarters there. The officer found them there and took them to Plumstead. They then stated that they left their home of their own free will and unaccompanied by any one. Before leaving home they packed up all their clothes they could get hold of in a carpet-bag, and with these and a sovereign stowed off, unobserved. First, they laid in a stock of provisions in the shape of a quarter loaf, which they purchased at the baker's with whom Mr. Bacon dealt. They then went to Roff's pier, at Woolwich, crossed the river, and took train by the Eastern Counties Railway. On arriving at Fenchurch street station they left their carpet-bag, with directions that it would be called for, at the same time paying a luggage fee of fourpence, adding that they intended to remain in London, had they not been discovered, until they had spent the whole of their money. It must have cost them some trouble to carry out their freak, as the carpet-bag full of clothes was pretty heavy.

Bigotry of Bishops.—An English paper contains the following ludicrous specimen of bigotry: At Tiverton there is a new cemetery, so divided that the dust and ashes of Churchmen and Dissenters are prevented from commingling. The Bishop of Exeter went to Tiverton last week, to consecrate that part of the ground set apart for Churchmen who die. His lordship said he had delayed consecrating it until he could have a wall as high as four feet to separate it from the place where dead Dissenters lie. The legislature, however, had decided that no wall was necessary; so the bishop consents to the views of the legislature, while regretting that the partition was not such an "unmistakable one" as could have been wished. "It is necessary," continued his lordship, "that there should be a division, a palpable line of demarcation, in order that the Church might bury their dead apart from those who do not die within its pale." Was the poor Churchman afraid that there might be some mistake at the resurrection, and some Dissenters get into Heaven as Churchmen, or go the other way as Dissenters? It is pleasant to turn from such a cowed idiot as Philpotts, of Exeter, to so sensible a man as the Dean of Salisbury, *ecclesiamus*: At a meeting of the Herts and Wilts Education Society, held last week, the Dean of Salisbury said: "What is the use of talking of the importance of giving intellectual culture to poor, ill-clad, half-starved, houseless men? It is simply mockery. Above all, let them attend to the important questions of providing better dwellings for the laboring classes—dwellings fitted for human beings, and not where parents, sons and daughters are all huddled together in the same sleeping room." As a class, the clergy speculate upon the ignorance of their congregations as the doctors do upon the maladies of their patients. Of the two the medical profession is a far more Christian one than the clerical.

Ingenuous.—The Liverpool *Albion* gives the following account of the pulling a vessel in two in order to lengthen her: "On Saturday afternoon the iron screw-steamer Colombo, 1,800 tons burthen, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, having been placed on launch-ways, and the rivets removed from her plates amidships, her framing dis-jointed, her keel separated, and everything made clear all through the ship, the fore-part was drawn away from the after-part by means of powerful tackle attached to two strong winches, one on each side of the dock quay, worked by five or six men. The fore-part of the ship was drawn in this manner, with a motion scarcely perceptible, for a distance of thirty-six feet, the extent to which she is to be lengthened; and so truly has each divided portion been maintained in its position, that the intermediate framing and plates may at once be proceeded with, as each part occupies precisely the same place as they will do when connected by the additional thirty-six feet amidships."

Brigands and Priests.—Father Gavazzi, who, seven years ago, came here and flattered the Volscians, and whose clever lectures that enterprising publisher, Robert De Witt published, has replied to Cardinal Wiseman's book called "The Four Popes." The Father says that the brigands are encouraged by the Roman priests, who divide the spoils with them. An excellent way of collecting tithes, almost equal to the English plan of putting a man in jail till they are paid. Poor Wiseman comes off second best.

Rubbing his Eyes.—That fine old Englishman, John Bull, after rubbing his eyes for five centuries, is beginning to open them. Last month he found out that he ought to raise a statue to an Englishman named Isaac Newton, whose merits, after two hundred years, John had just found out. He now has stumbled upon another of his worthies, no less a man than Alfred the Great—not Alfred Bunn, the General Morris and song-writer of England—not Alfred Tennyson, another sing-song man—but the man who burnt the cakes ten centuries ago, and got a lamming from the neatherd's wife for his inattention to her oven. John Bull, like Bully Bottom, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," is remarkably slow of study, and reminds us of the solemn gentleman whom Charles Lamb took to see Lister perform one of his most comic characters. To Lamb's surprise and annoyance, his friend did not laugh once during the whole performance. They returned home, had supper, talked about the weather and went to bed. About three o'clock in the morning, Lamb, who slept in the next room to his serious friend, was awakened by the most outrageous peals of laughter. "Ha! ha! ha! eod, that's glorious! ha! ha! ha!" came in volleys from the solemn gentleman's room. Sitting up in bed, Lamb said to himself, "Smith's gone raving mad!" At last he cried out, "Smith, is that you, laughing in the dead waste and middle of the night?" "Yes," cried Smith, and then went into a series of ha! ha! ha! "What the devil are you laughing at?" cried Lamb. "What am I laughing at?" said Smith. "You're a pretty fellow to ask! Why, at Lister—wasn't he funny?" In like manner, John Bull has just discovered that Alfred the Great was a great man, and wanted a statue, and has consequently resolved to erect one in Oxford. He may, one of these days, discover the merits of the editor of the New York *Albion*, and give him his deserts. Who knows?

Punished Enough.—Our readers will remember the trial, four years ago, of the Pall Mall (London) bankers, who were transported for fraud—namely, for concealing their insolvency. There is very little doubt that these men were the more severely punished for the high standing they held in London society—the chief partner being Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., and another, Mr. Bates, a relative to Joshua Bates, of the firm of Baring Brothers. We are glad to see that these victims to British Phariseism are about to be released—a London journal saying:

"It is said that Paul and Strahan are about to be liberated. Even the *Times* now begins to speak of the hard case of Strahan, who put £180,000, all his wife's fortune, into the concern, and never attempted to save either her or himself at the expense of the creditors. The fate of poor Bates has also been commiserated. It is asserted that the poor drudge had no more to do with the transactions for which he was punished than the jury who convicted him. Walpole is the Home Secretary. We fancy the pardon has him for its author."

If we were to punish our fraudulent bankers and bankrupts in New York, Sing Sing would be another Wall street.

London Theatrical News.—The Pyre and Harrison troupe has made a great hit in Flotow's opera of "Martha." Even *Punch* puns upon it by saying that it could not fail to be popular, as it has two Pynes, one Mellon and a little Honey in it. Mellon is the conductor's name, and Miss Honey sustains one of the characters. Balfe's "Rose of Castile" has likewise had quite a run. Charles Mathews and his American bride, as Lizzie Weston is called, are performing at the Haymarket in "London Assurance," of which both Mr. and Mrs. C. M. are blazing examples. Our old friend, William Chippendale, is stage manager. At the Princess's Charles Kean has produced "King John" in his usual style of scenic and costume excellence. This is his last season. It is expected that when he has retired from the stage the Queen will bestow "the honor" of knighthood on him. That solemn ass and humbug, Charles Mackay, whose prose verses are such nuisances, gave his lecture at Brighton on the 22d. It was a dead failure. The fact is Mackay is nothing but a very conceited Scotchman, and a seventeenth-rate author. Belle Britton is fully equal to him. *Après* it is rumored in the London *Illustrated News* circle that Lellie Britton is about to sue the Scotch doctor for breach of promise—damages ten thousand dollars. Poor Belle was not aware there was a Mrs. Mackay living when she ran round the country with him. McKean Buchanan is playing in the provinces with great success. Nothing like the triumph of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams has ever been known in theatrical records. The previous visit of the Florences did them much good, as their great superiority to that clever couple made their excellence the more unexpected. Wilkie Collins' sensation drama, "The Red Vial," has been pared down in horror, and goes a little better. It is, nevertheless, too bad for even a New York manager to steal. It is said that "Our American Cousin" was written four years ago for Silsbey, who assisted Tom Taylor to the American phrases. It was first offered to Wallack, who refused it, thus turning away unconsciously thousands of dollars. He had, however, no comedian fit for the character Jefferson plays with so much ability at the fair Laura's.

SCOTLAND.

Scotch Rapacity and French Despotism.—The odious passport system, which this year has kept so many peregrine spirits reluctantly at home, has induced personages of travelling minds to change their route from the Rhine to the Clyde, and to climb Ben Lomond in place of Mont Blanc. The Highlands have been literally overrun. Every inn crammed—thousands sleeping in their plaids in the travellers' rooms—every eleemosynary domicile put in requisition. Accordingly, we hear of gross extortions of landlords and waiters, the price of ale alone having advanced two hundred per cent. This is the view of Celta, whether in Paris, Ireland or Argyshire, to have their heads turned with prosperity, and to ruin the future by grasping at the present. This was just the time when the Highlanders should have labored to secure a reputation, when so many witnesses of their manners were among them ready to publish far and wide either good or bad impressions. We fear that by the folly of cupidity an evil report will be spread which will disgust intending tourists, and scare the economical away to cheaper regions.

FRANCE.

Flunkeyism.—The Paris correspondent of the *Court Journal* says: A letter from Rheims, describing the ball at the Hôtel de Ville there on Monday evening, says: "The Emperor danced with Mlle. Werlé, and the Empress with M. Werlé, the mayor of the city. The young lady who was the Emperor's partner seemed much overcome and scarcely able to speak, but his Majesty's kind manner soon put her at ease, and towards the end of the quadrille she was talking as gaily as possible. As for her Majesty, she was, as usual, most gracious. She had a most lovely toilette, and wore a diadem of diamonds and a necklace of large pearls. Her dress was of white tulle, the jupe being covered with a sort of embroidery that was perfectly beautiful." They want some Yankees among them such as the Captain of the American frigate, who, when the Pope and King of Naples came on board his vessel, said to his boat-swain, "Here, bo'ten, just you palaver with the King while I take this old chap, the Pope, down to have a kod." The idea of a young lady being overcome by an Emperor is absurd; why such girls do not come up to the cata, if there is any truth in the old proverb.

Monte Christo.—An American gentleman, Mr. Livingstone, we understand, has lately purchased the famous château, Monte Christo, near St. Germain's, and which has been rendered immortal by M. Dumas, the rarest combination of Shakespeare and Soyer that ever was put into a French shape. Never has any Frenchman done so much to humanize that volatile nation as the author of "Monte Christo." We are surprised there has been no illustrated edition of his wonderful works. Who could gaze unmoved upon the Château d'If—the scene of one of the most vivid of all Dumas' reality-fiction.

The Magnetic Pills Outdone.—We see every day quick medicines advertised for the performances of the most miraculous cures, but we think no quack doctor ever reached such wonderful cures as a French paper recounts: "It is recounted that a deaf and dumb child of sixteen, a native of St. Brieux, near Dinan in Brittany, has seen the Virgin, who appeared to him blazing in beauty and surrounded by stars. The celestial visit opened the conversation by asking his age, to which inquiry he replied, 'I don't know.' She then told him, and proceeded to recount the whole history of his life and a variety of other circumstances within his knowledge; she concluded by saying: 'Hereafter you shall speak like any other person; meet me again to-morrow night, and I will tell you some wonderful things.' The boy came faithful to the tryst, and the Virgin then pointed out to him three mysterious letters in the tail of the comet, and explained that they symbolized prophecies of events to come. He is not, however, at liberty to make known the things that were told him until the expiration of a year from the date of the vision. The boy now speaks and hears perfectly well."

The Jew and the Priests.—Our readers remember, doubtless, the forcible abduction of a Jewish child by some Papal priests, under the plea of its having been secretly baptized by a Catholic nurse. The Rothschilds have represented the case to Louis Napoleon so strongly, that Count Walewski has written to the Pontifical Government on the subject.

Parisian Nonchalance.—A melancholy case of suicide has just taken place at Barégès. M. Victor Quandelé, of Paris, a gentleman of about 55 years of age, blew out his brains with a pistol. He appears for some days before to have meditated self-destruction, as he had caused his pistols to be repaired and cleaned, and had sent to Pau for some balls and caps. Having paid for his lodgings and other small bills which he owed in the place, he put addresses on his trunks, ready to be sent to his brother in Paris. He locked the door of his room on the inside, and then committed the rash act. On a chair by the side of that on which he was found sitting when the persons, on hearing the report of the fire-arms, burst into the room, was a second pistol ready prepared in the event of the first failing to accomplish his purpose, and also a pointed knife open. On the table was a letter addressed to the commissary of police, in which he requested to be buried in the most humble manner, leaving 30 francs for the expense. His pistols he requested to be sold, and the money given to the poor. The letter enclosed another, addressed to the head of the civil hospital, enclosing 100 francs to the poor in that establishment. The deceased was affected with a disease of the spine, and it is supposed that the idea of his being incurable had preyed on his mind, and led to the desperate act.

RUSSIA.

More Rumor.—The reported plot to assassinate the Emperor is not confirmed. It is however certain that the majority of the nobles do not countenance the project, and that the serfs are impatient of their present transition condition. It is the curse of slavery that it is equally dangerous to preach freedom to the serf as to the tyrant. Neither can understand the true merits of the case.

Russia and Pekin.—Mr. Augustus Petermann, the geographer, gives us some information as to the route followed by Russian couriers. He says: "Russian couriers travel from Pekin to St. Petersburg, and vice versa, not only in fifty days, but in about one half, in twenty-six or twenty-seven days. For several years back the Russians have established regular and constant communication by courier between Pekin and Kiakhta, and Maimachin, the Russo-Chinese frontier towns to the south of Lake Balkal, not far from Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. This courier post is exclusively used for despatches of the Russian Government, and for no other purpose whatever. The couriers of the Russian Government, and for no other purpose whatever. The couriers starting in Pekin reach Irkutsk in eight or nine days. From Irkutsk to Moscow the great road keeps mostly between the latitudes of 51 deg. and 55 deg. north. A friend of mine—a German merchant of intelligence and keen observation—recently travelled that line, and, as it was of importance to him to reach Hamburg before the departure of last February's mail from Southampton to India, he requested the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia to be allowed to accompany the courier to St. Petersburg, which was readily acceded to. Leaving Irkutsk on the twenty-fifth of December, 1857, they performed six thousand Russian versts (equal to about four thousand English miles), within twenty-three days, or between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty miles a day, and arrived in Moscow on the seventeenth of January, thence reaching St. Petersburg in one day by rail. There is nothing to prevent the Russian Government from extending their telegraph lines from Moscow to Kiakhta, which would enable her to obtain in St. Petersburg intelligence from Pekin and the Peking within eight days."

PRUSSIA.

Royal Grief.—The departure from Potsdam of the King of Prussia was a very painful scene. The people enthusiastically exclaimed, "Long live the King; may you speedily return in good health!" "God bless the King!" The King, much moved, placed his hand on his heart and bowed repeatedly, saying, "I thank you, my children!" and covered his face with his hands. Tears rolling down his cheeks—he then exclaimed, addressing the Prince of Prussia, "Do you hear those shouts, William? Auf baldiges Wiedersehen! Good-bye! Au revoir!" There was not a dry eye at the station. It is impossible to describe the emotion of the Prince of Prussia. The Queen sobbed aloud, and every man present wept.

This method of cure is very strange, since the juice of the grape brought on the insanity. The last arrangement made by the medical advisers of King Frederick William is, that he is to go to Meran for six weeks, and return to Charlottenburg for the winter. His Majesty will be subjected to what is technically called the "grape" treatment (*Trauben-cure*). The large and luscious grapes grown in South Tyrol are eaten almost to repletion. The quantity eaten varies between ten pounds and twenty pounds a day, and the effect produced on the system by the juice of the fruit (which acts as an alterative) is said to be great.

CHINA.

Dangerous Dignity.—The Paris *Pays* has private advice from Shanghai to the 12th of August, according to which the mandarin Keying was sentenced to death, with the privilege of committing suicide, as reported by the correspondents of English journals. He was, like Yeh, degraded and condemned to ten years' confinement to the fortress of Tho-ho. This, at his advanced age, will probably prove to be imprisonment for life.

Worthy our Adoption.—The notorious tenderness felt towards our malefactors by our authorities must at once place them in a delicate position. We therefore recommend the Chinese plan to our judges. The Imperial General Tsan-Kwo-Le-ang, who in June last suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Nankin rebels, likewise incurred the Emperor's displeasure; but, as he is a great favorite with the army, it was thought advisable to punish him by proxy. An edict of the General having been procured, one hundred lashes were administered to it with becoming gravity.

NEW ZEALAND.

Great Fire.—The town of Auckland has been partially destroyed, several streets being entirely burnt up. The conflagration happened on the 7th July, early in the morning, commencing in the back parlor of the Oprey Inn, High street. A meeting was held the same afternoon, which was attended by the official and military authorities, as well as the principal inhabitants. A subscription was raised to afford compensation to the sufferers, and to assist in rebuilding the town. The garrison behaved admirably—indeed, but for their noble exertions the whole city would have been destroyed.

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Friere, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

MORPHY TESTIMONIAL.—The following named gentlemen have been appointed by the New York Chess Club a Committee to confer with the Chess Clubs throughout the Union, with the view of carrying out successfully this enterprise: Theodore Liechtenhein, Daniel W. Fiske, Col. C. D. Mead, Rev. Dr. Walton, W. J. A. Fuller, J. S. Dunning, Henry R. Washington, James Thompson, Baron de Trobriand and S. Heibricht. On the 23d ultimo the suggestion was given by "Amateur" in this column, and has been already acted upon in various quarters. The Brooklyn Chess Club met at Bassford's rooms, on the corner of Court and Remsen streets, on Saturday evening, the 13th inst., with a view of acting in the matter. A committee was probably appointed to take charge of the thing and collect the funds. In the meantime, any of our correspondents, contributors or readers who wish to donate any sum to this cause may forward it to us, Box 2495, New York Post Office; and we will open in this column a regular LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MORPHY TESTIMONIAL, adding, weekly, all donations made to the time of our going to press, giving name of donor, place of residence and amount contributed. There is no time to be lost in this matter; therefore, gentlemen, hurry along

the sinews of—the testimonial. The character of the testimonial has yet to be determined upon.

CHESS LITERATURE OF AMERICA AND EUROPE.—The following Chess publications are kept on file at the Brooklyn Chess Club and Reading-room, corner of Court and Remsen streets:

Berliner Schachzeitung.....	Anderssen & Lange.....	Monthly
Sissa.....	Hollandish.....	"
Schweizerische Schachzeitung.....	Switzerland.....	"
New York Chess Monthly.....	Morphy and Fiske.....	"
London Era.....	Lowenthal.....	Weekly
Illustrated London News.....	Staunton.....	"
Bell's Life in London.....	Walker.....	"
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.....	Fraser.....	"
Harpers' Weekly.....	Stanley.....	"
Porter's Spirit of the Times.....	Marche.....	"
New York Clipper.....	Hazeltine.....	"
New York Tribune.....	F. Perrin.....	"
New Orleans Sunday Delta.....	Maurian.....	"
Syracuse Standard.....	W. O. Fiske.....	"
Lynn News.....	Holden.....	"
Boston American Union.....	Potter.....	"
Winona Republican.....	Dr. Moore.....	"
Baltimore Saturday Dispatch.....	Spilman.....	"
Cincinnati Sunday Dispatch.....	French.....	"
Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.....	Athenaeum Club.....	"

Together with a library of choice works on Chess, both ancient and modern. Reading-room open to all gratuitously.

E. W. C.—All the steps necessary to be taken by E. W. C. or any other player, or any one wishing to become a player, in order to become a member of the Brooklyn Chess Club, is to present himself at the Club Room, Bassford's, corner of Court and Remsen streets, opposite the City Hall, and enroll his name on the list of members. The adjoining fee is but two dollars.

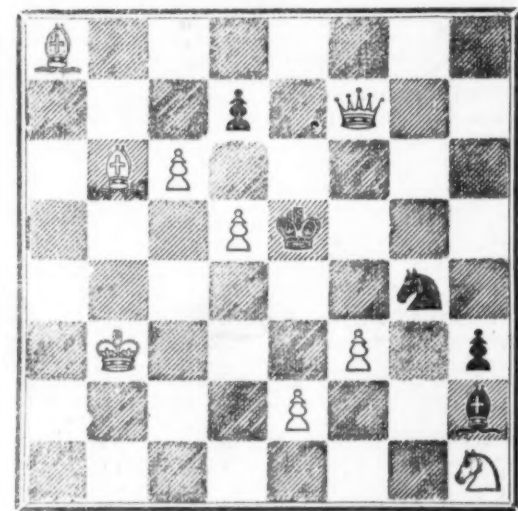
CHARLESTON CHESS CLUB.—This Club was organized on the 1st inst., by the election of the following officers: David Ramsay, Esq., President; Thomas Y. Simmons, Esq., Vice-President; Charles E. R. Drayton, Esq., Secretary; L. Avery, Esq., Treasurer. Twenty-five members have formally enrolled themselves, and some twenty additional members are on the list. The rules of the Club require full age for membership and an annual fee of \$5, with initiation fee of \$2 as same amount. We have good reason to contemplate a successful and pleasant career for the Charleston Chess Club, whose progress we shall report with pleasure.

THE NEW CHESS MEN.—In reply to many correspondents, we would say that the new Staunton Men are in course of manufacture, and will be introduced in a few days. Club size, \$5; Parlor size, \$4. Orders may be immediately forwarded. They will be executed strictly in rotation as received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—HIRAM KENNICOTT, Esq., Chicago, Ill. Thanks for the game; it is on file for use.—H. C. A., Louisville, Ky. 1st, Staunton's Handbook, cost \$1 50; 2d, Chess Congress Picture, plain \$3, colored \$5; 3d, certainly; problems on file for scrutiny.—P. F. M., Boston, Mass. We believe the problem alluded to is correct. Your proposition would "English" the notation, and spoil it for universal use.—QUEEN'S PAWN TWO. Gets a work on openings, and examine the analysis. Shall be most happy to meet you and all other Chess players visiting the city; our address is 98 Nassau street through the day; in the evening we may always be found at the Brooklyn Chess Club, opposite the City Hall, corner of Court and Remsen streets.—F. H. T., Providence, R.I. When ready, please forward the particulars and games.—A. J. H., Kewanee, Ill. Without going into the matter, for want of time, we think your solution of Brown's problem incorrect; your problems on file, with thanks.—Dr. R., Philadelphia. We think it too complicated.—W. H. C. Shall be most happy to receive some of your problems. Like yourself, we wish a universal notation, and will go with the strongest party.—JACOB ELSON, Philadelphia. We also prefer the English notation, but how are you to bring it into universal use? Thanks for the paper.—G. D. FISHER, Pleasant Hill, Mo. Mr. Morphy's games are at present published only in the newspapers. The office of the Chess Monthly is at 49 Nassau street, New York.—M. S. M., Washington, D. C. The bottom of a problem as printed is always "white." It was a misprint.—G. W. C. F., North Bennington, Vt. We will forward to your young friend "Friere's Chess Handbook" on receipt of fifty cents.—CARLTON, N.Y. Problem received; it will be looked into.—C. A. K., Chicago, Ill. The K. is in check by Black Kt.; the Kt. covers the sq. against the adverse K., although it cannot be moved without discovering check.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS RECEIVED.—W. B. M., Charlestown, Mass.; R. E. N., Columbia, Va.; J. D., Detroit; C. B. Gibson, M.D., Richmond, Va.; D. M. R., Portchester; D. F. N., Philadelphia; James Davis, M.D., Detroit, Mich.; A. J. H., Kewanee, Ill.; M. S. M., Captain U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; A. O. W., N. Y.; R. N. E., Winona, Minn.; G. E. F., Alexandria, Va. (Brown's problem has not yet been properly solved); W. H. C., N. Y.; P. A. A., Jr., Charleston, S. C. (The new Staunton Chessmen are not quite ready for delivery; as soon as possible your order shall be executed. We do not believe that a Chess club can be supported anywhere, even in Boston, unless smoking be allowed in some portion of the rooms while members are at play. A Chess meeting without a cigar, to a smoker, is the dullest place imaginable. They will not often attend, you may be assured. Your problems will receive every attention. Have written to Messrs. S. G. & Co.); R. F. M., Boston; W. H. C. (We have not yet received the solution referred to); Paul M., Hamilton, C. W. (Solutions mostly correct. Let us hear from you again); J. B., N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 171.—By SAMUEL LOYD. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



GAME OF CHESS played by correspondence between BOSTON and PROVIDENCE. (RUT LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME)

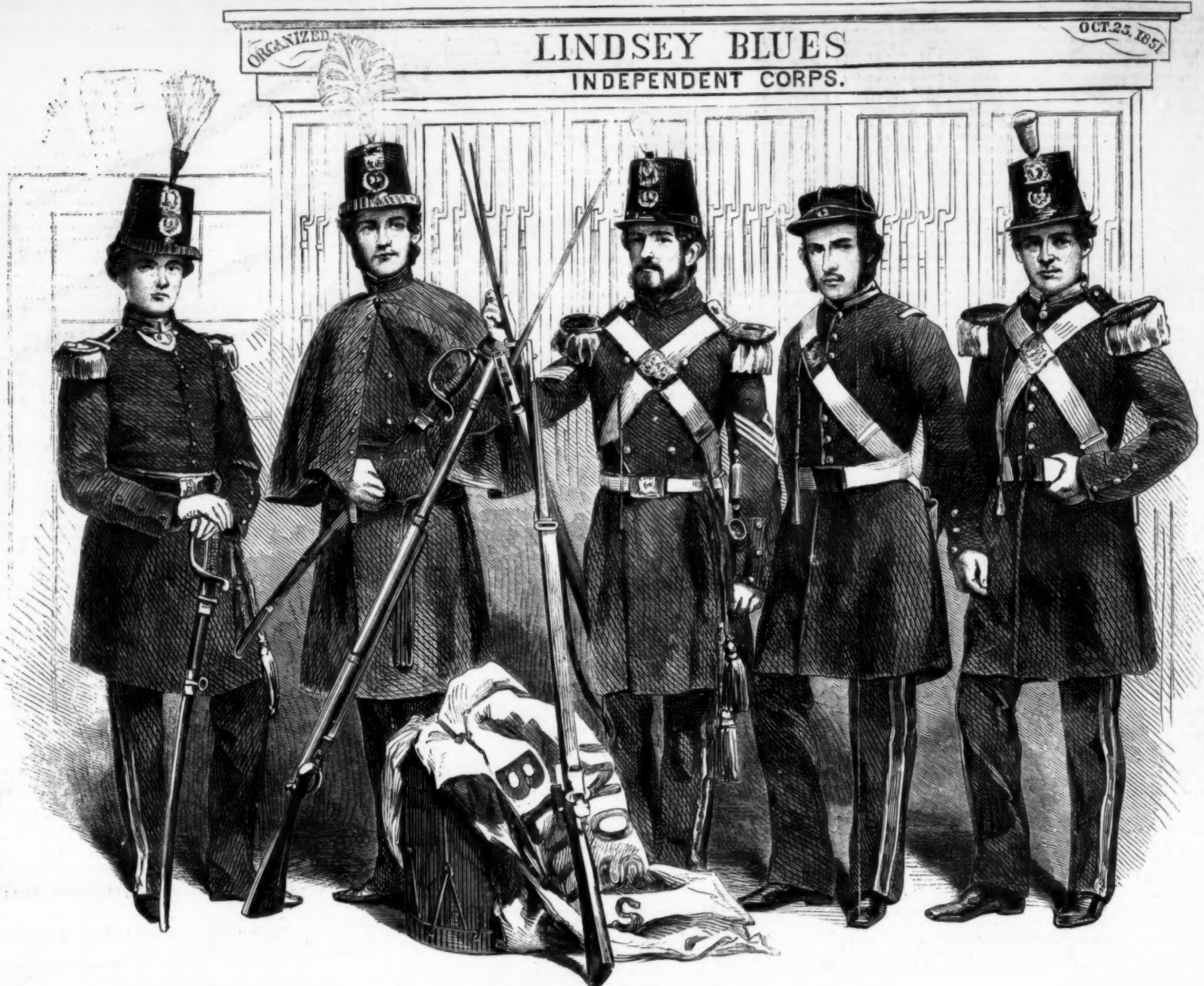
WHITE. Providence.	BLACK. Boston.	WHITE. Providence.	BLACK. Boston.
1 P to K4	P to K4	20 Q to Q4	Q to Q4
2 Kt to KB3	Kt to QB3	21 B to Q3	B to Kt2
3 K B to Kt5	K B to B3	22 Kt to QKtP	B to KtP (ch)
4 Q to K2	P to QR3	23 K to B	K to B5 (ch)
5 K B to QR4	P to Kt4	24 K to B3	R to K5
6 K B to Kt3	K B to QB4	25 P to QKt3	R to B
7 P to QR4	QR to Kt5	26 P to R	Kt to Kt3
8 B to KtP	QR to KtP	27 B to Kt2	P to QB4
9 Q Kt to B3	P to Kt5	28 R to QR7	K to Kt4
10 Q Kt to Q5	Castles (a)	29 K to Kt3	R to K4
11 Q to QB4	P to K5	30 B to K5	Kt to B
12 Castles	K Kt to KR4	31 R to Kt	P to KR3
13 P to Q4 (b)	Kt to P	32 P to KB4	P to Kt3
14 Kt to KtP	Q to K5	33 P to KB5	P to P
15 K Kt to Q3	Q to K5	34 R to B	R to B
16 K R to K5	K to Kt5	35 K to Kt4	K to Kt2
17 K to K B2	K to R5	36 K to R5	Kt to Q5
18 Kt to K B	P to Kt3	37 R to QB6 (c)	Kt to P
19 Q Kt to B2 P	Q Kt to K3	38 R to QB6	

(a) So far the game is played according to "book," and Von Der Lasa now dismisses the opening as even.

(b) It may be questioned whether this was not premature.

(c) This move was sent to Boston Monday, June 7th. On the 3d of August the Providence committee received the reply, and sent the next move the day following. Since then no answer has been received. (We have since learned that the Bostonians have surrendered.)

From Thoughtlessness, no doubt, springs much of the discontent and repining in which most of us are apt to indulge. To all the following short apologue of Sadi, an Asiatic sage, is full of valuable instruction: "I never complained of my wretched, forlorn condition, but on one occasion when my feet were naked, and I had not wherewithal to shoe them. Soon after, meeting a man without feet, I was thankful for the bounty of Providence to myself, and with perfect resignation submitted to my want of shoes."



LINDSEY BLUES, INDEPENDENT CORPS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

LINDSEY BLUES, INDEPENDENT CORPS.

This well-known independent volunteer military corps was organized October 25th, 1861, under command of Captain William A. Day, and soon took a high position among our citizen soldiery. In 1863 Edgar A. Roberts was elected Captain, and under his régime the present neat and tasteful uniform was adopted. It consists of a beaver regulation cap, blue frock coat, white buff leather belts, blue and white shoulder knots, black pants with blue and white stripe, and army blue overcoat, faced with red, the whole forming a very neat and soldier-like costume. The Lindsey Blues are composed entirely of young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and number at present about fifty men. This number has been the average since the date of its

organization. The peculiarity which distinguishes this corps from the remainder of our city military is the fact that it does not belong to the First Division New York State Militia, nor will its members consent to merge the individuality of their corps in any regiment, though they have received most flattering invitations from the best of them to join their ranks. The members have persistently stood by the object they had in view at the time of their organization, the formation, namely, of a company of independent soldiery which should rival in discipline, numbers and appearance, the best corps in the State Militia, and should do duty for the love of the same only. On the 25th of October last they paraded in celebration of their seventh anniversary, when many men in the ranks who had that day completed their full

term of service required by the State, resolved to serve another term.

This company has furnished many excellently drilled officers to our different city regiments, while several have proved their valor on the "tented field" in Nicaragua. Captain Josiah L. Rainford, who fell at the battle of Rivas, in 1857, was one of these.

In May last the Lindsey Blues established their armory at No. 481 Broadway, where they have rooms splendidly fitted up for meetings, drills, &c. They use their own muskets. Captain Thomas Price assumed command of this corps last April, upon the voluntary retirement of Captain Roberts. The Blues give their annual ball on the 17th inst., on which occasion they will appear in uniform and perform manoeuvres both of a military and saltatory character.

MRS. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The portrait which we engrave is that of the first wife of Brigham Young, the Salt Lake Prophet. This lady is said to be of a very kindly disposition, although time may have deprived her of those personal attractions which most readily strike the eye, and we doubt not that our readers will be gratified

at the opportunity of scrutinizing the features of the only true wife whom the Mormon Prophet possesses, although sixty or seventy other females acknowledge him as their lord.



MRS. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

VIRGINIA AND CAROLINA FERNI.*The Italian Violinists.*

The dreadful tragedy that has just startled Milan naturally attracts attention to the fair cause of it, and we therefore give correct likenesses of the two sisters, Virginia and Carolina Ferni, whose marvellous performances on the violin have, for the last six years, awakened such admiration in all musical minds.

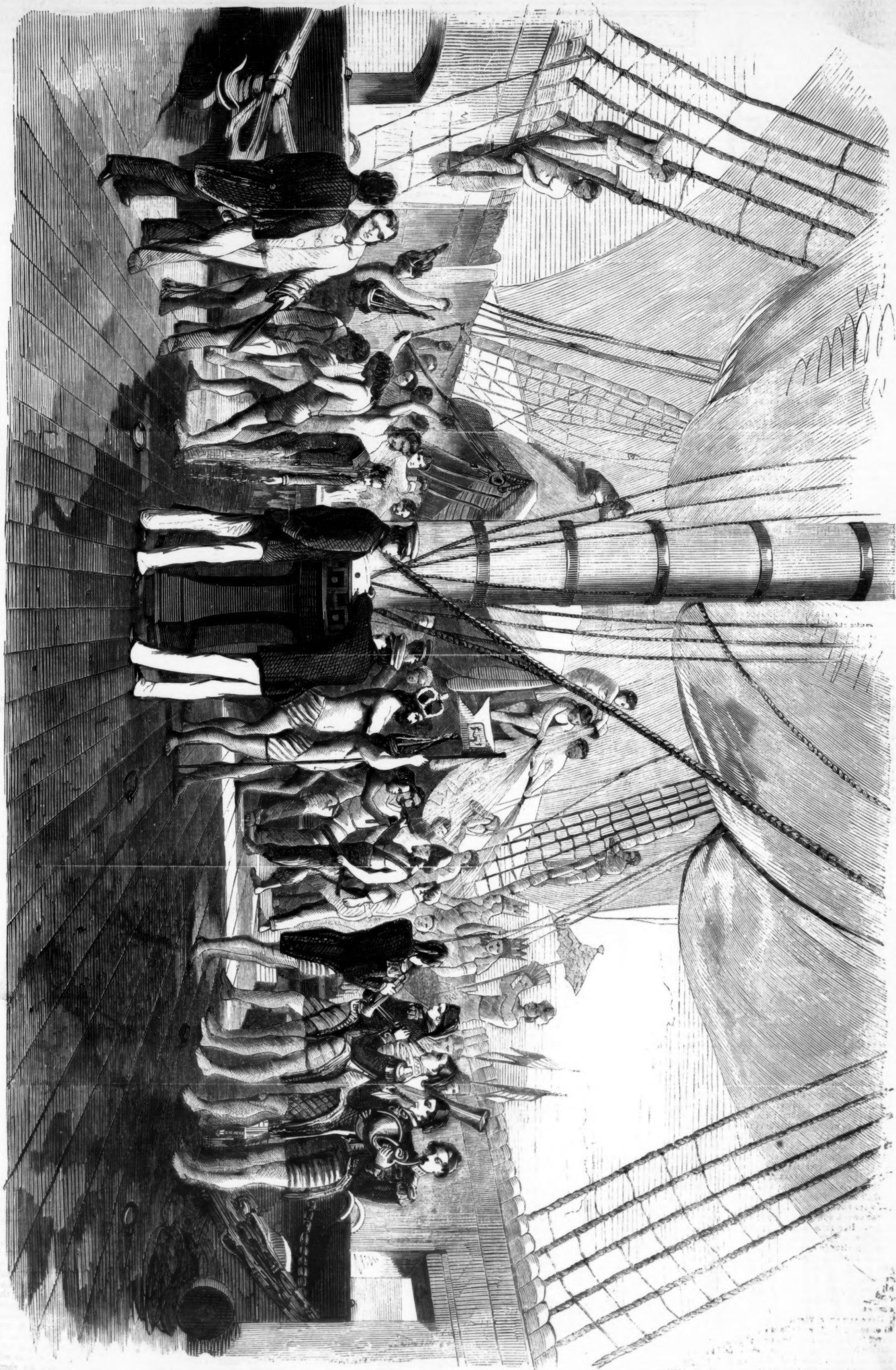
These young ladies, Carolina and Virginia Ferni, were born at Como, in Lombardy, about 1835, of a very respectable but not a wealthy family of artists, and received their musical education at Turin. From their earliest infancy these wonderful girls had already given signs of a natural aptitude for music, by their singular and strenuous perseverance to encounter and overcome the hard trials of this instrument, and emulate the glorious examples of the illustrious artists who have led the way in the same career. Fortified with the advice of Allart, of Beriot, of Vieuxtemps, and of all the most famous violinists they have met in the course of their artistic peregrinations, the sisters Ferni have already contrived to acquire a talent of an uncommon order, which time will develop and mature, and which has already secured for them

(Concluded on page 388.)



VIRGINIA AND CAROLINA FERNI, THE ITALIAN VIOLINISTS.

CROSSING THE LINE—SCENE ON BOARD THE AUSTRIAN FRIGATE NOVARA.—See Page 386.



both the approbation and encouragement of the skilful musicians before whom they have performed.

Carolina, the younger of the two sisters, exhibits a power over the bow, and an execution with the fingers, of a most marvellous character; Virginia, on the other hand, is remarked for the great purity of sound and the elegance of her performance, in which there is equal taste and feeling. When they stand up together in the same *morceau*, these opposite qualities melt into each other, producing in their blended harmony a correct and masterly style, whose accuracy and method are astonishing, but do not exclude variety of effect.

For the last few years they have been delighting crowded audiences in Paris and Italy, devoting themselves to music, and passing through life without any thought beyond their divine art.

Two years ago a young and rich Sicilian fell in love with Virginia, and asked her father whether he would give his daughter to a young man possessing an income of 20,000*l.* a-year. Ferni replied he would do so with pleasure, provided the suitor obtained her consent. The young man went away without saying anything further; but a short time ago Ferni received a letter from him, asking him whether he was still of the same mind. This letter remained unanswered. Ferni repaired to Milan with his two daughters to give concerts at La Scala; but they had not been long there when the Sicilian called upon them at the Hotel della Bella Venezia, and repeated his suit. Middle Virginia, who was the object of his passion, told him frankly that she was resolved not to marry. "Is that your fixed resolution?" asked the Sicilian. "It is," replied the young lady; on which the Sicilian rose, cast three letters into Virginia's lap, and then stabbed himself with a poniard. The consternation of the Ferni family may be imagined; surgical aid was instantly procured, but there are no hopes of saving the young man's life. One of the letters above-mentioned was addressed to the police of Milan, informing it of his intention to commit suicide, in order to prevent any suspicion of murder; the second contained his will, leaving half his fortune to Virginia, and the other half to one of the public institutions of Naples; the third letter was addressed to his mother, announcing that he could no longer live without her he loved. This sad event has created a great sensation at Milan.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall, taken in 1853.

CROSSING THE LINE.

THE occasion of passing the equator is always—at least during pleasant weather—a time of merry-making with sailors, and until within a few years it has been celebrated on board American and British vessels with the most grotesque performances and severe practical jokes. The custom originated at a period when to "cross the line" was an event in the life of a sailor and in the history of a ship; and it has been continued almost to the present year, with that pertinacity in familiar customs which is so characteristic of the sailor. For the last ten years, however, the captains and owners of vessels have discouraged the rough celebration, on account of the downright cruelties often practised upon the tyros, whom to initiate into the mysteries of the equator is the principal joke; and we believe that the practice is now strictly forbidden in the British and American navies, while it seldom is permitted even in the merchant service. A description of the boisterous scenes which it was once customary to enact in crossing the line, it is almost superfluous to elaborate: everyone has read in Marryatt and other novel writers of the counterfeit Neptune, with wig of oakum, royal robes of sailcloth, and crown of rusty iron hoops, who ascends the ship's side as if emerging from the deep, and takes his place "for'ard the main-mast," with a motley train of courtiers grotesque as himself, and subjects such of the men on board as have never before sailed past the equator to various ingeniously contrived and generally barbarous inflictions.

Lathered with tar, shaved with a piece of rusty iron, ducked in tubs of salt water, kicked, cuffed, jeered at, and smarting with pain, the unfortunate tyros escape from the hands of their tormentors with the firm resolution to be revenged by inflicting similar miseries on navigators whom they may meet in future voyages under circumstances similar to their own. The disturbances created by these rough proceedings have been found so detrimental to discipline as to be abandoned, as we have said, by the only two nations which can really be called maritime; but the German seafarers, when a vessel under their flag happens to cross the equator, endeavor to assert their claims to the title of sailors by continuing the exploded practice. When the Austrian frigate Novara, which was sent out with a cargo of *savans* a few months since, on a voyage of discovery round the world, passed the line, the antiquated ceremonies were duly observed, though their repulsive features were softened down. Our large engraving represents the scene of organized confusion at its height, and the draughtsman has given a hint of the scientific character of the expedition by introducing a spectacled professor among the officers and uproarious crew.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT:

A TALE OF LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARY and Bettie were now both eighteen years of age. Lovely they were, and beautiful exceedingly, but very different. Mary was rather above the middle height, and the rare promise of beauty which her childhood gave had been amply fulfilled.

I do not think I can describe her. I might tell the color of her hair, the shape and hue of her beautiful eyes, the family to which her nose belonged, and the size and character of her lovely mouth; but I could not paint that nameless charm which attracted and bewitched all who beheld her. She had a transparent look, such as the angels have in our dreams; and while her complexion was clear and white, there was a warmth about the coloring of her cheek that seemed to proclaim her a native of some far southern clime. Her hair was so dark that it seemed almost black, and yet her eyes were blue, but of that deep mottled color which changes with the changing light or shade, or varies with the varying emotions. I can say nothing of her mouth but that its expression was that of firmness and sweetness combined. I have seen mouths that were called perfect in their shape, that were filled with regular and pearly teeth, and yet were not sweet. Mary's mouth may not have been perfect, but it was sweet, and gave a most attractive character to her countenance. Her form was as lovely as her face, and just as hard to describe.

Bettie, strange to say, had grown up quite a beauty. Mrs. Worthington had always expressed and warmly defended the opinion that she would change for the better as she grew older, but nobody seemed to know that she was getting beautiful till it burst upon them all at once; and they never could see her ugliness again, nor ever could find out what had become of it, nor wherein consisted the change.

Have you ever gazed at a well shaded landscape painting till all at once the lights and shades came out so distinctly that you could never turn it into a picture again? So it was with Bettie. Her large staring black eyes had grown more quiet and thoughtful; the dark hollows round them had filled up and disappeared, her hair had grown smooth and glossy, and been taught to remain where it had

been arranged; her flabby mouth had filled out into two beautiful, firm and rosy lips, her irregular child's teeth had been replaced by a white and regular set, and she stood before us a noble, beautiful girl, though somewhat wild and wayward.

The little twins, Rose and Lily, as they were called, General Worthington's grandchildren, were now fifteen, just verging upon womanhood. Large and well developed girls, they looked nearly as much like women as Mary and Bettie; and indeed, in that southern land many a wife, and even a mother, of that age can be found.

Ned had grown up a splendid fellow; rather chivalrous and high-toned, some thought; but tastes differ. He loved Mary like an own sister, and indeed always called her by that title.

George, the mulatto, though no taller than he was when we first saw him, had grown stout, and was as fine and gentlemanly-looking a man as one would ever wish to see. He had married mom Dido's daughter Venus, and was now a man of family.

Time had dealt gently with the brave and gallant old general; his step was as firm, his figure as erect, his cheek as ruddy, his eye as piercing, and his smile as bland as ever; only his hair had changed, and was now of silvery whiteness.

Harry Vernon, my faithful friend and the brother of my heart, very seldom left me. He was a man of fortune, and could dispose of himself and his time as he pleased, and his pleasure was to travel with and watch over me. Though people called us old bachelors we were not old, being both in the very prime of life, though my life had been somewhat sick and sad. Harry Vernon then, at the period of which I am writing, was with me at Rosebank, General Worthington's plantation; and so were Horace and Charley Maxwell, by special invitation.

Poor Mrs. Gibbons was a greater invalid than ever. Bettie told me, with her large black eyes swimming in tears, that she thought her failing rapidly; and mom Dido assured me that "de suffrin' angel would soon be taken to her blessed home, tank de Farrer!"

Mr. Gibbons had not improved.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHRISTMAS week in old Carolina!

What a flood of memories come rushing over me with resistless tide, as now, in after years, I recall that pleasant time!

We had a large and merry family at Rosebank. Old and young, white and black, all entered into the spirit of the joyful season which commemorates our Saviour's advent upon earth. By common consent all unkind thoughts seemed buried, and the one grand idea, "Peace on earth, good will to men," seemed to exercise its ennobling, purifying power over all.

It was now Monday, and the next Saturday would be Christmas day. Already over the great hall-door, which, an emblem of true southern hospitality, stood open all day long, in winter as well as summer—excepting, perhaps, in very inclement weather—already I say, as one rode up the avenue, beneath those venerable oaks, over the great hall door could be read those glorious words—

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

How they got there, none of us knew, though somebody must have been in the secret. The letters were made of bright green cedar, and followed the outline of the arch over the massive door, and a large star of the same material, ornamented with pure white roses, stood in the centre of the arch.

We had just breakfasted, and we gentlemen, poor slaves to a bad habit, had retired into an adjoining room to smoke, while the three girls, Mary and the twins, stood at the large bow window, looking down the avenue. Our retiring to smoke was a mere formality, a hollow sacrifice to etiquette, for the ladies would not allow us to shut the door of communication, because they wanted to hear us talk, as they said.

We had just got comfortably started and were puffing away to our hearts' content, when I heard Mary exclaiming, "What upon earth is this? Cousin Dick—that was my title—'do come here.' I was by her side in a moment, gazing with her down the avenue. The object she had spied was still too far distant to be plainly seen; it looked too large and high for a 'sulky,' and too narrow for a 'gig,' but we could soon ascertain that it had but two wheels. Presently we made out that it was really our old friend, Dr. Perry, in his sulky, while on the narrow board behind stood both Ned and Bettie, each with their arms round the doctor's neck to keep from falling off.

Before the sulky stopped, Bettie sprang off, and was in the house in a moment. Ned thoughtfully remained to help the doctor.

"Well, good people?" exclaimed Bettie, as she came running in, "good morning to you all! I've had a capital ride?" So saying, she kissed all the ladies and children, not forgetting her grandfather, entirely neglecting, in the kissing line, us poor bachelors, though she did give each of us a hearty shake of the hand.

"Well, Bet, what's in the wind now?" said Gen. Worthington. "Oh, grandpapa," replied she, "it's such a pleasant day, we've come for you all to go and dress the church; for you know it always makes a point of raining two or three days before Christmas."

"I predict a pleasant week, Bet," replied the general, "but it's as well to go early to work. But where did you pick up the doctor?"

"Oh, he picked us up, grandpapa, of course; didn't you see us riding with him? But here he comes to answer for himself."

"Whew! whew!" exclaimed the doctor, who now came in, puffing and blowing; "I declare these children have almost throttled me! And as for poor Tom—that was his horse—I've no doubt he thinks this is pretty Christmas treatment!"

We all exchanged salutations, and immediately began to make arrangements for dressing the beautiful little parish church. The cedars in the yard, of which there were a great number, were all pruned and trimmed without the least regard to horticultural rules, and very soon the "big wagon" stood at the door, filled with evergreens, and was driven off to the church by black Jupe, while we remained behind to wait for another turn of the wagon, employing ourselves in the mean time in preparing the evergreen letters for our various devices.

The church was three miles off; but black Jupe was in good spirits, and so were the mules; and almost before we thought they had reached the church, they were back again, and we all jumped into the wagon and rattled off, holding on to each other, or anything else we could lay our hands on.

Early as we were, we were not the first. A tall, awkward young man came out from the church door to meet us, whom Ned introduced as Mr. Tompkins. I noticed that Bettie shrank away when it came to her turn to be handed out, but the tall youth persevered, and with a vexed expression, she yielded him her hand, and sprang lightly from the wagon.

Within the church we found several gentlemen and ladies already engaged in the work of decoration. They were from the neighboring plantations, and most of them were well known to me, as I had seen them during my frequent winter visits. They all, our own party included, were soon working vigorously, excepting Tompkins, who appeared to have come for the sole purpose of gazing at Bettie, who seemed considerably annoyed at his attentions.

Mr. Gibbons was also there—not, however, from any "good will to men," or to the blessed Christmas time; he came, apparently, like Mr. Tompkins, to watch his daughter Bettie. He had an object in this. Tompkins was in love with Bettie, and Tompkins was a young man after his own heart.

Tompkins' father was a large planter of Sea Island cotton. They talk of the merchant princes of New York; Tompkins, sen., was one of the cotton kings of South Carolina; and Gibbons, aspiring to the position of a rice king, had a great admiration for Tompkins and all his family.

Bobby, or as he was familiarly called behind his back, Booby Tompkins, was an ardent admirer of Bettie Gibbons. Dull himself

as a rusty razor, he could not sufficiently admire Bettie's bright and sparkling countenance, and the brilliant scintillations of her ready wit seemed to awaken the poor fellow from his usual stupor, and to create an agreeable variety to his somewhat monotonous existence. She was too kind-hearted to make him feel his inferiority, or she might have kept him in a most uncomfortable condition; but she contented herself with simply neglecting him.

Here was an occasion, however, when Mr. Tompkins could meet Bettie on somewhat equal terms. Bettie had come to work and not to talk; and Tompkins, by dint of hard watching, could at least make himself useful.

I said that Bettie had come to work and not to talk; for it must be confessed that Christmas church dressings, like all other good things, are sometimes shamefully abused. Irreverent talking and loud laughing too often accompany the well-meant labors of the young to beautify the houses of the Lord. They bring their glad offerings to the holy places—"the fir-tree, the pine and the box together;" but they bring not the offering of "a meek and quiet spirit," which best befits the holiness of God's temple. Bettie, with all her wild exuberance of feeling, was a genuine Christian; and hence she came to her Christmas work with a spirit at once subdued and cheerful.

The day was so mild and balmy that I sat by an open window, to enjoy at once the refreshing atmosphere and the beauties of the scenes without and within. In the churchyard and around it the picture was full of interest. Just outside the little paling, under a tremendous oak—covered not only with its bright green leaves, but with long festoons of gray moss gracefully waving in the breeze—were hitched the horses of the company, some of them splendid animals, the pride and joy of their young masters. Lady Bettie, Ned's favorite, though now somewhat advanced in years, was among them. She had lost none of her spirit, and had won many a race since she was first introduced to our readers. But of late years she had retired into private life.

Stretched at full length, and basking in the genial rays of a southern sun, were numerous negroes, of all sizes and complexions, and the merry laugh, denoting hearts quite free from the corroding cares of life, came often with its cheerful message to the heart. It told of happiness, of real, unmistakable light-heartedness, where men's imaginations are apt to conjure up a thousand dark and soul-harrowing pictures. Truly, there is nothing so cheering and mirth-inspiring as the hearty laugh of the southern slave.

At some distance, but still within the range of vision, could be seen the edge of a cypress swamp, or "savannah." There the deep gloom was relieved by clusters of white flowers, or bright red berries, and the silence sometimes pleasantly interrupted by the note of a cheerful bird.

George and Dido sat upon a flat tombstone near the window at which I was sitting. They were weaving a long wreath of evergreens, destined for some portion of the building. George looked moody and troubled, and said little, and even Dido seemed more taciturn than usual. But every now and then she gave her natural and characteristic grunt, exclaiming, "Nasty, good-for-nuttin' Yankee ting!"

Within the church the scene was picturesque and lively enough. The work of decoration was progressing finely. The simple pulpit, standing a little on one side, was nearly finished, and Bettie stood reaching upwards to fasten a large white rose among the evergreens that hung festooned from the old-fashioned sounding-board above her head. The everlasting and inevitable Tompkins stood by her side, looking particularly stupid and useless. He had tried his best to fasten the rose himself, and being so much taller than Bettie he was better fitted for the work, but it had proved to be quite beyond his capacity. Bettie looked flushed and worried.

Mary, lovely creature, with Ned and Harry by her side, was superintending the decoration of the chancel and altar. In front of the white altar she had tacked the motto, "Emanuel, God with us," and Harry and Ned were completing a wreath to surround it. The expression of Mary's countenance, to my view, was almost seraphic. She was undoubtedly full of the calm and holy fervor which the advent of Christmas brings, or should bring, to every Christian heart.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I HAD been sitting in the sunshine for some time, and began to find it uncomfortably warm. So I moved back a seat or two, out of its range, but still continued quite near the window. Presently George and Dido began to converse. They thought I had gone away.

"George, my chile," said Dido, "is dat stinkin' Mass' Gibbin gwine gib dat splendid gal of his'n to dat tall fool yonder?"

"That's what he wants to do," said George, gruffly.

"Will de chile tek him?"

"I can't say. I hope not. She can't bear the sight of him, that any fool can see; but he's rich, mom Dido, he's rich, and you know Mr. Gibbons."

"Consarn 'em! yes, I know 'em well 'nuff. But, anyhow, Miss Bettie's de only one kin manage Mass' Gibbin."

"She'll have trouble to manage him this time, I'm thinking. He was talking to her last night, and he made her cry. Her eyes were all swelled when she came out of the room, and she went right up stairs to bed, and never said a word to anybody."

"Made Miss Bettie cry? Dat ain't easy to do!"

"Yes, I know she'd been crying; and Mass' Ned, too, looked like thunder this morning after he saw Miss Bettie."

"Nasty poor white Yankee buckra! What bizness he comin' yer, an' bringin' he pizen wid um? Dey nebbber was no trouble tell he come."

"That scamp of a Toney, too, Mr. Tompkins' boy, he's as impudent as the devil! You b'lieve I didn't catch him making up to Venus?"

"Oh, pshaw, George! don't go be a fool now! Don't be 'fraid ob Venus. Why, she wouldn't touch him wid tongs!"

"I ain't so sure of that. The fellow has plenty of money."

"Look yer, George, ef you gwine come to me for culminate Venus, you gwine come to de wrong one, I tell you! Remember, I brung up Venus, an' I know what she is, an' ef you hadn't a taken her, she could have married de greatest nigger in the lan'! Dere now!"

"Well, come, mom Dido, don't get vexed. Lord knows I have trouble enough. I wish to Heaven Mass' Ned would go and live on his own plantation, and let me get away from that sneaking, mean, meddling man. He's always trying to make trouble. I reckon I oughtn't to mind him; 'twas he told me I ought to keep my eye on Venus."

"Oh, git 'way wid you, George! Can't be now dat's all de 'torrity you got for 'spectin' Venus!"

"That's all, mom Dido, and I'm ashamed of myself, but he almost runs me mad sometimes."

"Look yer, George! I let you have Venus 'cause I bin tink you bin one de high-mindest, noblest nigger in de whole rice country, and I still tink you is; now, don't you dispart me!"

They were silent a moment, and then Dido continued:

"I tell you what, George, I tink Mass' Harry kind o' sparkin' up to Miss Mary."

I now listened with all my ears. Notwithstanding his accumulated troubles, George burst into a hearty laugh.

"What you laughin' 'bout, nigger?"

"Mass' Harry and Miss Mary! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, what ob dat?"

"Oh, nothing. 'Ha! ha! ha! Whew!"

"Look yer, nigger! I do want none ob you sass'ness! I sho he's han'sum, an' he's rich, an' he's good!"

"Why, he's old enough to be her father!"

"Well, what ob dat? Look at ole massa an' missis."

"Oh, that's a different thing. Miss Dora was poor and friendless,"

but Miss Mary'll be rich. Besides, there aint many such beauties a Miss Mary."

"Dat's true as Gospel, my chile; but on de oder han', I don't tink dere's many such ladies as missis."

"That's true too; old massa won a prize when he got her. Bul', mom Dido, what makes you tink Mass' Harry is fond of Miss Mary?"

"Ent I got no eyes, nigger?"

"Well, but tell me what you saw with your eyes?"

"Yes, an' what I hearn wid my ears, too. Well, yest'day at noon, after dey was all come from church, Mass' Harry was a sittin' 'pon one en' ob de sofa, an' Miss Mary 'pon tudder en'."

"Well, what of that?"

"Come now, George, ef you gwine to in'rup' me dat fashion, I ent gwine tell you nottin' 'tall 'bout it."

"Go on, mom Dido, I'm all attention. I won't interrupt you again."

"Well, Miss Mary was a readin' a book an' twirlin' dat curl dat hangs down behin' he ear; and Mass' Harry, he was watchin' um for eber so long—"

"Stop, mom Dido," hastily interrupted George; "how come you to be there, playing the spy?"

"Look yer, boy, aint you promise you no bin gwine in'rup' me?"

"Well, go on, mom Dido; I only wanted to know how you came to be there."

"Why, I was a sittin' by de winder, mindin' little Mass' Dick."

"Ah, professionally engaged?"

"Well, my chile, as I said before, art' he took dat long look at Miss Mary, he heabe up a hebbly sigh, dat seem to come from de berry bottom ob he ha'at. Miss Mary look up den from de book, an' look at Mass' Harry. Den Mass' Harry say, 'Come, sit yer by me, Mary.' Den she gone right straight an' sot by um. Den he say, 'Mary, my chile, do you know anyting 'bout love?' an' he look at um—oh, so sorrowful! Den Miss Mary, she say, 'What you mean, cousin Harry?' An' Mass' Harry say, 'Don't you un'stan' me, Mary?' An' Miss Mary say, 'Why, cousin Harry, I know a great deal about love; I know it has fed me, an' clothed me, an' surrounded me with blessings.' Den Mass' Harry say, 'Dat's true, Mary, but dat aint de sort ob love dat I mean. I mean dat peculiar love dat singles out one object above all oders, an' pours out de whole heart 'pon it.' Den Miss Mary, he nebber say nottin', but he shake he head slow, dis way, an' he turn eber so red, an' he move off little furdur from Mass' Harry, an' Mass' Harry heabe up dat big sigh once more from de bottom ob he ha'at, an' he nebber say nottin' mo."

George did not reply immediately, and I was following out the train of thought which this conversation had suggested, when I heard him speak.

"Mom Dido," said he, "I'll tell you what it is, Mass' Harry can't have Miss Mary."

"Eh-eh! dat's funny too!" said Dido. "Who's to hinder um?"

"Never mind," said George; "I know what I know—he can't have her!"

"Maybe Mass' Ned want Miss Mary," suggested Dido.

"Maybe he does," said George, "but that's nothing to the purpose. Now, mom Dido, I must go," and George rose and sauntered slowly off.

Here indeed was food for thought. I looked towards the group which had formed the subject of the foregoing conversation, and sure enough, now that my attention had been specially turned to the subject, and my mind directed into a certain channel, I saw signs which I had never observed before. There was a tender, protecting expression on Harry's countenance when he gazed on Mary that I had never seen there since, in years gone by, when he had just arrived at manhood, he gave the wealth of his young affections to my sister, who cast his love away as a worthless thing. My sister's name was Mary too.

I looked at Ned, and he too gazed on Mary with a look that was different from the look he had for others. Then I compared the two. Ned was young, handsome, spirited, accomplished, everything that could be desired; but Harry, Harry was the brother of my heart. He too was eminently handsome, with that eye of pure celestial blue, and that curly nutbrown hair, that finely chiselled nose and transparent nostril, and mouth, modelled after Cupid's bow, and teeth that made one love to see him smile! All were as perfect and as fresh as they had been twenty years ago; for Harry, like myself, was just forty years of age. He possessed that happy temperament which seems proof against the sorrows of life, for I knew that he had suffered, oh, how keenly! True heart! can it be that thou art again destined to disappointment? This was my inward exclamation as I pondered over all that I had seen and heard.

But was I willing to give up Mary? Could I resign my treasure to another? Had I not spent my life from the moment when I first saw her, in drawing vivid pictures of the time when she would be all my own—I the loving father or brother, and she the darling, dutiful, idolized child or sister? Fool that I had been, to suppose that such beauty could for a moment remain unsought—that such rare loveliness of person, mind and heart should be appreciated but by me!

But the most loving fathers must give up their daughters, and the most affectionate brothers must resign their sisters; that was nature's law. Then I resolved that when Mary's hand was sought I should make my consent to depend upon the promise never to take her from me.

Then once more I gazed upon the group, determined now to guard my treasure more closely than ever. Ned handed Mary a sprig of evergreen, and I could see his lips move, as he said something to her with a beaming smile. Harry had stepped off to a little distance to pick up a spool of cotton which had rolled away. I watched Mary's countenance as she looked quickly up into Ned's face; I could see no blushes, no embarrassment. Presently Harry spoke, and as she turned to him to reply, I thought I could detect a warmer glow upon her delicate cheek, and a slight shade of embarrassment upon her lovely countenance.

"Dear Harry!" I once more inwardly exclaimed, "can it be that thy noble heart at length has found its mate? After thy terrible disappointment, thy long heart-loneliness, wilt thou be made happy by the love of such a heart as Mary's? God grant it may be so! At any rate, the true romance of Mary's life has now begun."

(To be continued.)

Usque ad Nauseam.—A letter from St. Helena says: "On the 16th August M. Gauthier de Rougemont, guardian of the tomb of Napoleon, who on his arrival was (as already stated) invited to a grand banquet by the English Governor, officers of the garrison and civil authorities, entertained them at a grand dinner in his own house. The banquet-room was decked with English and French flags, with marble busts of the Emperor of the French and the Queen of England, with paintings of the principal events in the life of Napoleon I., and with portraits of members of the imperial family. At the desert M. de Rougemont said: 'Gentlemen, permit me to propose a toast to the Emperor of the French and to his august ally, Queen Victoria: May the union of France and England, which reposes on reciprocal friendship and esteem, henceforth and for ever assure the peace of the world.' The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and the Governor, Mr. Drummond Hay, returned thanks. The Lord Chief Justice of the island afterwards said: 'Gentlemen, I propose a toast to the most virtuous, most beautiful, meekest, most religious, and most charming woman on earth, her Majesty the Empress of the French.' This toast was drunk amidst rapturous applause. A grand ball, attended by all the principal inhabitants of the island, followed, and it terminated by a supper, at which new toasts to the Emperor and the Queen and the alliance of the two nations were given."

Can anything be more disgusting than the above? The sarcastic vagabond of the L. & W. to call Eugénie "virtuous, religious," &c. As a pendant we give: On October 11th Messrs. Debenham & Storr, of London, offered for sale by auction, at their rooms, King street, Covent Garden, a curious old military treasure chest, formerly the property of the First Napoleon, and which was left at Acre after the siege. The chest was of iron, and the locks and keys were very curious. The works of the principal lock, which had eleven bolts, sitting all round a ledge in the interior, extended over the whole lid, and this was further secured by two padlocks. There was very little competition, and the lot was knocked down for seven pounds only.

THE ROSEBUSH.

A CHILD sleeps under a rosebush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweetly it rests, and on dreamy wings flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rosebush fair,
The dew blossoms perfume the air;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest.
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rosebush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rosebush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound.
And the years glide by.

(From Advance Sheets furnished us by the courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanford & Delisser.)

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

CHAPTER XX.—THE COMMANDANT MAKES HIMSELF COMFORTABLE AT HOME—HIS PRIVACY IS INTERRUPTED BY AN UNINVITED GUEST—ST. LEU'S ARREST.

DURING the whole period of St. Marcel's constrained sojourn under the hospitable roof of Commandant Schwillwein, the latter personage was a prey to anxiety—an emotion, he it said, that had never manifested itself so unmistakably but once before, when, during the Dutch wars, he had been taken prisoner by the enemy, and shut up in a dungeon, with the assurance that at the end of an hour he should be marched out and shot. Yes, he had felt anxiety on that momentous occasion—an anxiety to get away.

In the present instance, he knew that he was a *particeps criminis*, not a victim; having, moreover, under his very eyes the living proofs of his guiltiness—St. Leu and St. Marcel. Nor was it policy to dispense with the presence of the latter, until the former should be so far recovered as to be able to inquire respecting the true nature of his malady.

For the first two days St. Leu was dangerously ill; dame Dorothy redoubled her attentions. On the third the fever abated; the commandant swore an oath implying his determination to allow his Satanic Majesty to kidnap him if St. Leu did not recover under her treatment. On the fourth day the patient sat up in bed, of his own accord, and complained of hunger. Schwillwein placed the contents of a most plethoric larder at his command; but, overruled by the matron, whose opinion was diametrically opposed to his forthwith emptying the same, St. Leu was compelled to comfort his inward man with a cup of broth. On the fifth the patient remained long closeted up with his friend St. Marcel, the results of which were the letter to Julie and an inability on the part of her lover to eat the very whitest slice of the breast of the fowl dame Dorothy's own hands had dressed. On the sixth day the fair *Æsculapius* pronounced him completely out of danger; in the fulness of his heart the commandant swore another oath, to the effect that she was at least fifty times deeper in the mysteries of doctoring than his old friend Schwillwein, the veterinary surgeon of the regiment, who, to his knowledge, never cured but one man in his whole course of practice, and that was by administering to him, in a mistake, a pill originally intended for his horse. But not to detail the progress of the cure from day to day, suffice it to add that on the eighth morning St. Leu joined his host at the breakfast-table, where he afforded abundant evidence of being in a fair way of recovering at least a portion of his appetite. On that evening St. Marcel regained his liberty; the use he made of which, and the consequences it entailed, have been already shown.

On the same bright morning that had tempted forth the beautiful Jeanne—nay, almost even whilst St. Marcel was holding converse with her, the noble commandant might have been seen making most ominous preparations for an attack, *secundum artem belli*, upon a formidable army of viands, which the ever attentive Dorothy had marshalled, rank and file, on purpose to provoke his long dormant appetite; a complete *déjeuner à la fourchette*; hour, noon; the commandant just returned from parade and military exercise; nothing could be more opportune.

Off went his sword and belt; away flew his beaver and his gloves into one corner, his large boots into another—one of them had been squeezing his gouty toe most un sympathizingly all the morning; in the excitement of the moment he whipped off his stock, threw open the breast of his coat, to the danger of the lace *jacob* which the matron's own hands had got up, tucked up his ruffles, and with an "ouf!" an unctuous "ouf!" sunk into that easy chair, overtopped by the facetious griffin, and forthwith began making himself comfortable; comfortable, in the true English acceptance, not, let it be understood, in the French sense of the word, which is decidedly negative, and whose existence, in connection with the established domestic usages of the country, offers an example of perfect anomaly.

From the small ivory ring within whose embrace it was enfolded, the commandant first withdrew a very white napkin, which he carefully disposed of under his chin, arranging the same so as to form a bib, the lower part depending upon and enveloping his Falstaffian person; then again did the eye and a half wander restlessly over the viands, and crystal drops hang about the corners of his mouth; the sensation that summoned them causing even his moustaches to curl downwards towards his plate. It was a moment of delicious suspense, to prolong which amounted to positive felicity.

Oh, that breakfast *à la fourchette*! A fat truffled capon, offering his white breast to the knife; a Périgord patty, all crimped and shiny, with a couple of the tiniest red feet sticking out from the top; that partridge ever, ran away upon from the parent nest; a Bayonne ham, just prime in cut, juicy, pink and smoky. Then the olives, and the cressess so green and crisp, and the delicate pairs of butter, moulded into the shape of a heart by the indefatigable matron; and the white rolls; the wine, too, those two bottles of Chablis, uncorked and ready for hand.

Perhaps that identical portion of the noble Schwillwein's comparative anatomy was touched; it seemed like it, for the tears trickled down his cheeks as the oysters disappeared one by one, till not a shadow of them remained save their under shell; bumpers of that same Chablis washed them down, in the proportion of one to every half-dozen, the disappearance of each being accompanied by a loud smack of the lips, which fully indicated the high relish it added.

The truffled capon was dismembered—or rather about to be—for the commandant had stuck his fork into it, when a voice from behind observed, "That's a glorious breakfast, 'sieur commandant! A good appetite to thee."

Schwillwein looked round—for he sat with his back to the door, and had not heard it open; the eye of a half-fired old cannon-balls of anger at the intruder, who, however, took no notice, but bowed deferentially, and stepped into the middle of the apartment.

"Damn—" No, he did not say that, but he made use of another word equally significant in the language that he spoke, and addressed it to the new comer, continuing, "thou art the man that dogged me so this morning. What is thy business?"

"We will breakfast first, if you please, 'sieur commandant,'" replied the other, with perfect coolness; "after that, we'll to business."

Without waiting for his host's consent, the uninvited guest assisted himself to a copious draught of the Chablis, and then deliberately seated himself at the table and completed the operation upon the truffled capon which Schwillwein had begun. "Make no stranger of me, commandant. See; I am quite at home!"

Now the commandant was one of those whose bile, being of a very effervescent quality, bubbles up and froths with a gaudiness only to be matched by the rapidity with which it subsides, the gaudious particles flying off in the form of round oaths, demonstrations, and such like; but if his anger once minute at a hundred fell the next to zero, the fact might be regarded as a proof of the generosity of his nature, which was apt, from its very super-excellence, to burst from its usual bonds, and, like the Chablis he so loved, when wrought up by the vine-growers to champagne pitch, fly up in the face of him who the next minute might test its virtue.

The self-possession of the stranger did much towards cooling down the red-heat of the commandant; for no atmosphere is better qualified to check the rise of an irate man's mercury than that of perfect sang-froid; thus his unbidden guest no sooner began "making himself at home," than Schwillwein found himself irresistibly impelled to follow his example, wondering what would be the end and aim of so strange a visitor. Fear of the stranger did not for an instant enter his breast; and, regarding him in a military point of view, the commandant inwardly confessed that his most Christian Majesty's corps of musketeers could not boast of a soldier such as he would make. Soon he began to apprehend that his guest had sought him for the purpose of enrolling himself amongst the devoted defenders of his most Christian Majesty, and under this impression once more seated himself in his easy chair.

"Sieur commandant, your health," observed his companion, tossing off a bumper.

"Thine, friend," replied Schwillwein; "had I expected thy company, better fare would be provided."

"You do injustice to it," retorted the other; "I fear I have spoilt your breakfast."

"I am rather surprised at the intrusion, friend," answered the perplexed host; "how did you obtain admission?"

"Your lacquy is a friend of mine," replied his guest, deeply absorbed in the investigation of the contents of the Périgord patty. "Have you any more wine handy?"

Probably the commandant considered this too good a joke not to laugh at it, for the truth must be told, laugh he did, nor hesitated, whilst he laughed, to open a very snug little cupboard in the wall, thence withdrawing a second loving gem of the self-same Chablis as that which had just reflected their thirty palates. These he placed upon the table, his eye and a half twinkling all the time with the greatest good humor, for he was, in the main, a good-humored man, although an irascible one.

"Good wine!" exclaimed the latter, applying his very prominent olfactory organ to the nose of the fourth bottle. "Your glass, commandant."

"Thank you, friend," responded Schwillwein, holding it out; "I'll propose a toast—His most Christian Majesty's service!"

This sentiment was, of course, hazarded by the proposer with an eye to business.

"His most Christian Majesty's service," replied the other, "and the most noble corps belonging to it—the Musketeers."

This was meeting the matter half way—at least the commandant thought so; but he felt certain his first impression was correct, and determined to follow up the excellent opportunity afforded him.

"Ah!" said he, smacking his lips and winking the eye and a half, "tis a most noble corps and a most noble service."

"I should say so," retorted his companion, cracking between his white teeth the juicy drumstick of a partridge; "it must be, to enable you to live so well! You have been many years in it, commandant."

The remark was made neither interrogatively nor affirmatively, merely as it appeared to court an answer.

"I have seen some service, friend," responded Schwillwein.

"About thirty years of it," observed his guest.

The commandant started.

"You appear well informed," said he; "may I ask the favor of your name?"

"Certainly!" retorted the unknown, replenishing the glasses; but without appearing to think that the permission to ask the question involved the favor of an answer.

"Eh, hem! Your name, friend?" resumed the latter, after a pause.

"Jacques!" "The very much at your service."

Schwillwein scratched his ear a great many times, as though, having lost his memory, it had concealed itself behind that organ, and he was wheedling it out from its hiding-place by titillation. However, finding that it was proof against coaxing, and obstinately refused to return to its proper locality, he looked very hard at the speaker, repeating his name over to himself.

"Jacques! Jacques! Hum! Can't say I remember that name; nor do I recollect ever having seen your face before, friend."

"Perhaps not," replied Jacques; "my face is mostly an unwelcome one; though 'tis pretty common about Paris! Yours is altered, commandant, almost as much as your name."

"Had a bombshell, with its lighted fusee, by any marvellous chance fallen at the commandant's feet, as he sat over his breakfast, he would incontestibly have felt uncomfortable; but it is doubtful whether he would have turned half so pale, or started half so far back from that formidable missile, as he did from Jacques, when the latter so unexpectedly discharged, full into his very teeth, the secret with which he had mysteriously loaded himself for the occasion."

There followed a brief pause, which the spy advantageously filled up by renewing his attack upon the fourth bottle.

"Don't be alarmed," said he, addressing his host; "it is my interest to keep the secret."

"But," asked Schwillwein, interrupting him, "how came you to know it?"

"Never mind how," replied Jacques; "I have not time now to tell you; but you see I do know it. Come! we have fared sumptuously; let us to the subject that brought me hither."

"Well, 'sieur Jacques, what has brought thee hither?"

"Simply this," retorted that individual; "to collect a few facts connected with your last journey from Tours to this city. 'Tis now rather more than twenty-one years since you quitted the former—is it not, 'sieur commandant'?"

The latter nodded assent, adding:

"It was after the Fence of Nimègue; I went to visit my father."

"Monsieur D'Argenson was, at that period," resumed Jacques, "lieutenant of the bailiwick of the province."

"He was; at Tours I first became acquainted with him."

"Exactly! you became very friendly, and he promised to exert his interest, when you returned to Paris, to procure your advancement; he kept his word; for although you left Tours a non-commissioned officer, you had not been a month in Paris before you obtained a sub-lieutenancy."

"I see you know all," replied Schwillwein, with some trepidation; "do not interrogate me further."

"I do know something, but not all," replied Jacques; "yet, lest you should doubt me, I will, with your permission, continue. He commissioned you to take charge of a young male child?"

"He did," responded the commandant, interrupting him; "it was his own; a child, whose mother he had seduced, and—"

"Liar!" muttered the spy, grinding his teeth with rage; "liar! to invent so foul a tale! His child?"

"Do I understand you?" asked Schwillwein, reddening; "would you assert it was not his? Whose then?"

"That is the secret I am now striving to fathom," resumed Jacques; "the object of my visit is to learn what became of that unfortunate!"

"My instructions," replied the commandant, "were to leave him at a certain house in the faubourg St. Antoine, where, I understood he was to remain, until his father came to Paris. This I did, and have never since heard of him, for I was told subsequently, that both the child and the woman in whose charge I left him had suddenly disappeared."

"Worse and worse," ejaculated Jacques; "do you remember her name, or the number of the house?"

"Her name was Gertrude Leroux; a midwife; she lived somewhere about the middle of the street, but I forget the number; besides which, they have been altered."

"Could you take me to the spot?"

"Certainly! at any time."

"Then I will call for you, commandant, as soon as I am prepared. For the present, let the matter rest between ourselves. Your secret shall remain safe here."

The spy placed his hand on his heart as he spoke, and bidding his host a "good morning," departed forthwith, after exacting a promise from him that he would obey his injunctions.

"Where is Monsieur de St. Leu?" asked Schwillwein of the domestic whom he had summoned to clear away the remnants of the feast.

"He went out about two hours ago, commandant. I have not seen him since."

He had sallied out into the garden of the Tuilleries.

St. Leu had early embraced the military career; as much from hereditary predilection, as in obedience to the will of his late father; who, besides being a widower (he had lost his wife in the second year of his marriage), had no patrimony to leave his son, save an unsullied name and the sword of his ancestors.

At the early age of fifteen, the young St. Leu followed the Chevalier to the siege of Mons, then invested by the troops of the celebrated Marshal de Luxembourg; here his sire fell. Burning with ambition to distinguish himself, the youthful soldier headed his dying father's corps, and with an impetuosity far beyond his years, rushed forward to the assault, and succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the enemy's works. The fame of this precocious act of valor soon spread through the army, and reached the ear of the Duke of Chartres, then only seventeen, who, like himself, had made his military *début* at the same siege. The prince felt interested in the young hero, appointed him one of his aide-de-camps, and finally, on their return from the campaign, procured him a captaincy in his royal uncle's corps of musketeers.

A journey to Tours—undertaken for the benefit of his health—was the means of bringing him into the company of the Baron de St. Auhey and of his beautiful daughters. This event took place about a year before the commencement of this tale; nor was it long before a mutual passion sprang up between the handsome chevalier and the baron's younger daughter, Julie. More anxious to secure her happiness by marrying her to a man of her choice, than to raise her to superior rank and fortune, by sacrificing her affections, the dotting father, at the earnest request of the fond couple, gave his consent to their union, conditionally, on the plea of Julie being still too young to marry, that one twelvemonth should elapse, from that time, before it took place. It wanted but a few weeks of the period when the events occurred which necessitated his journey to the capital.

The chevalier was a slightly-built, fair-complexioned young man, with dark hazel eyes and bright chestnut hair, worn, according to the prevailing fashion, in long curls hanging down over the shoulders; a slight moustache—a mere feather, twisted into a point at each end—ornamented his upper lip; his features were remarkably fine—his countenance open and frank, with a somewhat melancholy cast; his costume was that of the corps to which he belonged.

He had reached the Rue St. Honoré, on his return to the commandant's, when an ill-favored individual accosted him, whom he recognized as an agent of police; the man was accompanied by two others, who kept a little in the rear, though near enough to render their object suspicious.

"I am sorry, monsieur le chevalier," said the man, saluting St. Leu with some show of deference, "very sorry to—interrupt your walk; I have an unpleasant duty to perform."

"What is it?" asked St. Leu, turning pale.

"I am compelled to arrest you," answered the man, beckoning to his two satellites, who drew nearer.

St. Leu echoed the man's words, adding that he must be laboring under some mistake.

"There is none, I assure you, chevalier," resumed the latter, adding, in an under tone, "it is a *lettre-de-cachet*."

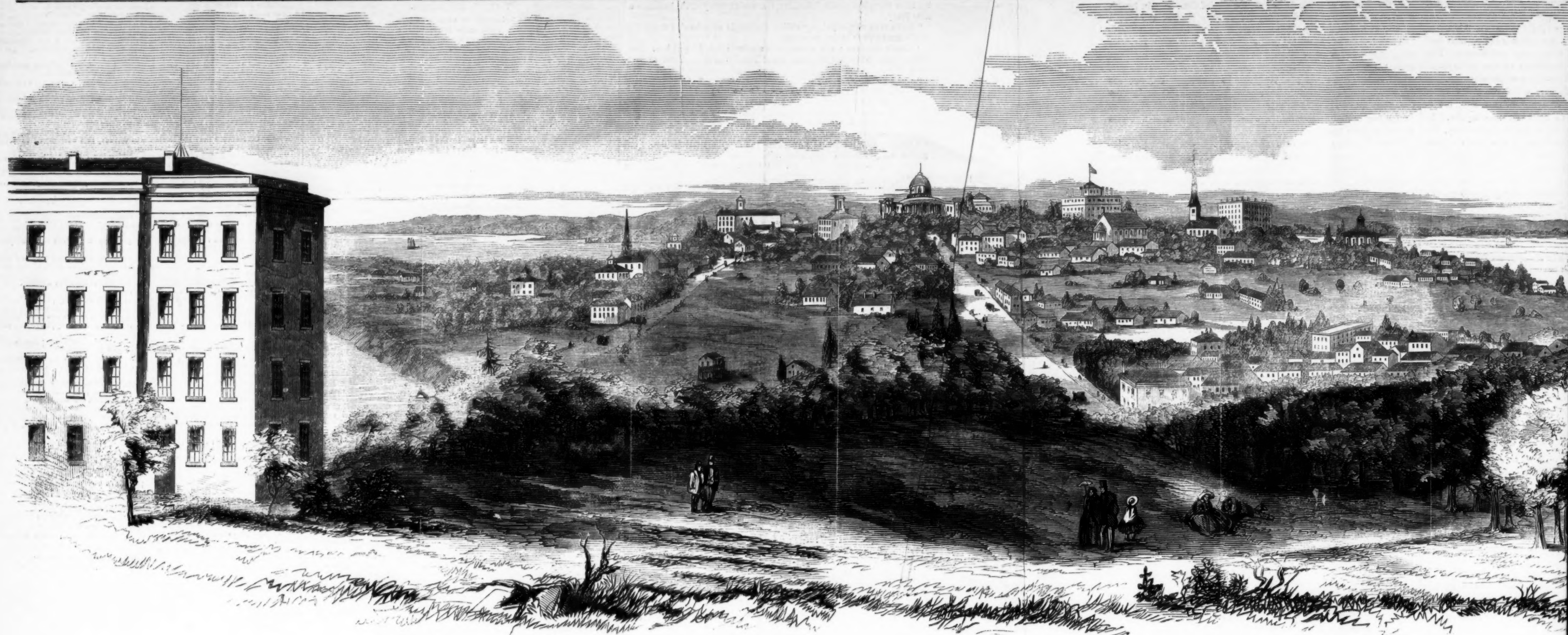
"Is it possible?" ejaculated the unfortunate victim. "Of what am I accused? and by whom?"

"My duty as to arrest you in the king's name, chevalier," replied the man; "I cannot tell you wherefore. If you will step into the Rue St. Nicaise, I will procure a coach."

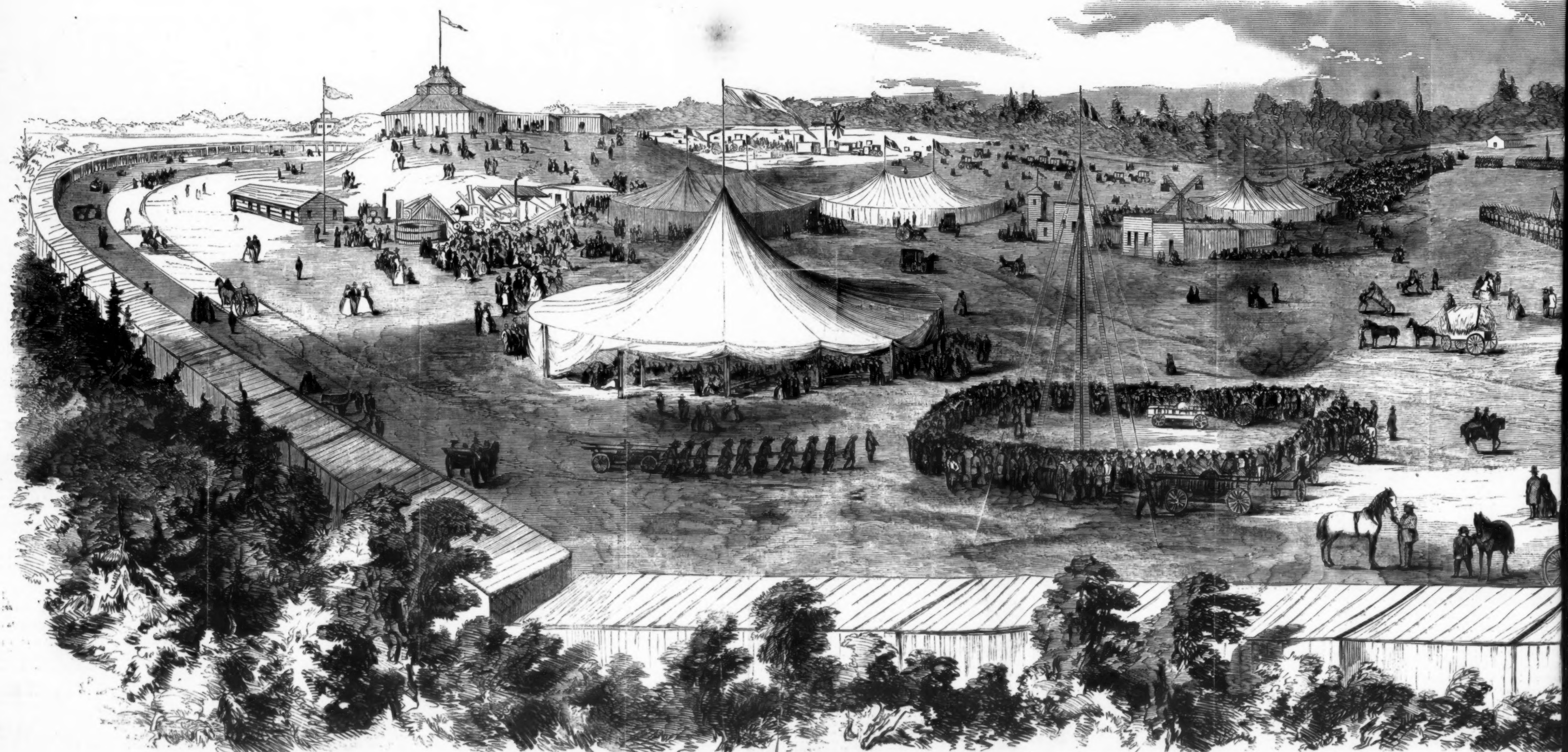
St. Leu knew that remonstrance or resistance would be useless, and with a heavy heart resigned himself into the custody of his captor, and was quickly borne away to the Bastille.

(To be continued.)

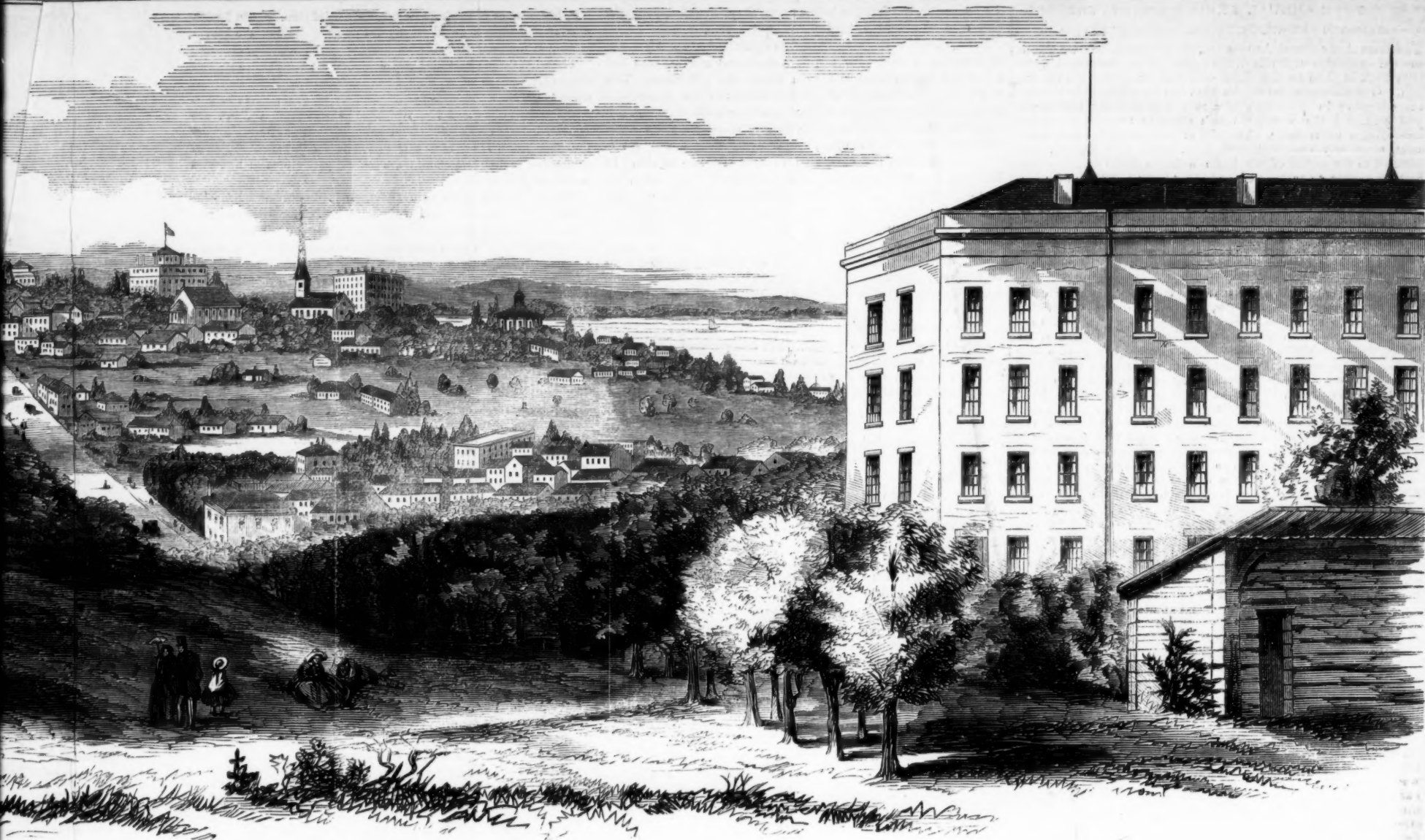
An eminent spirit-merchant in Dublin announces, in an Irish paper, that he has still a small quantity of whiskey on hand which was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin.



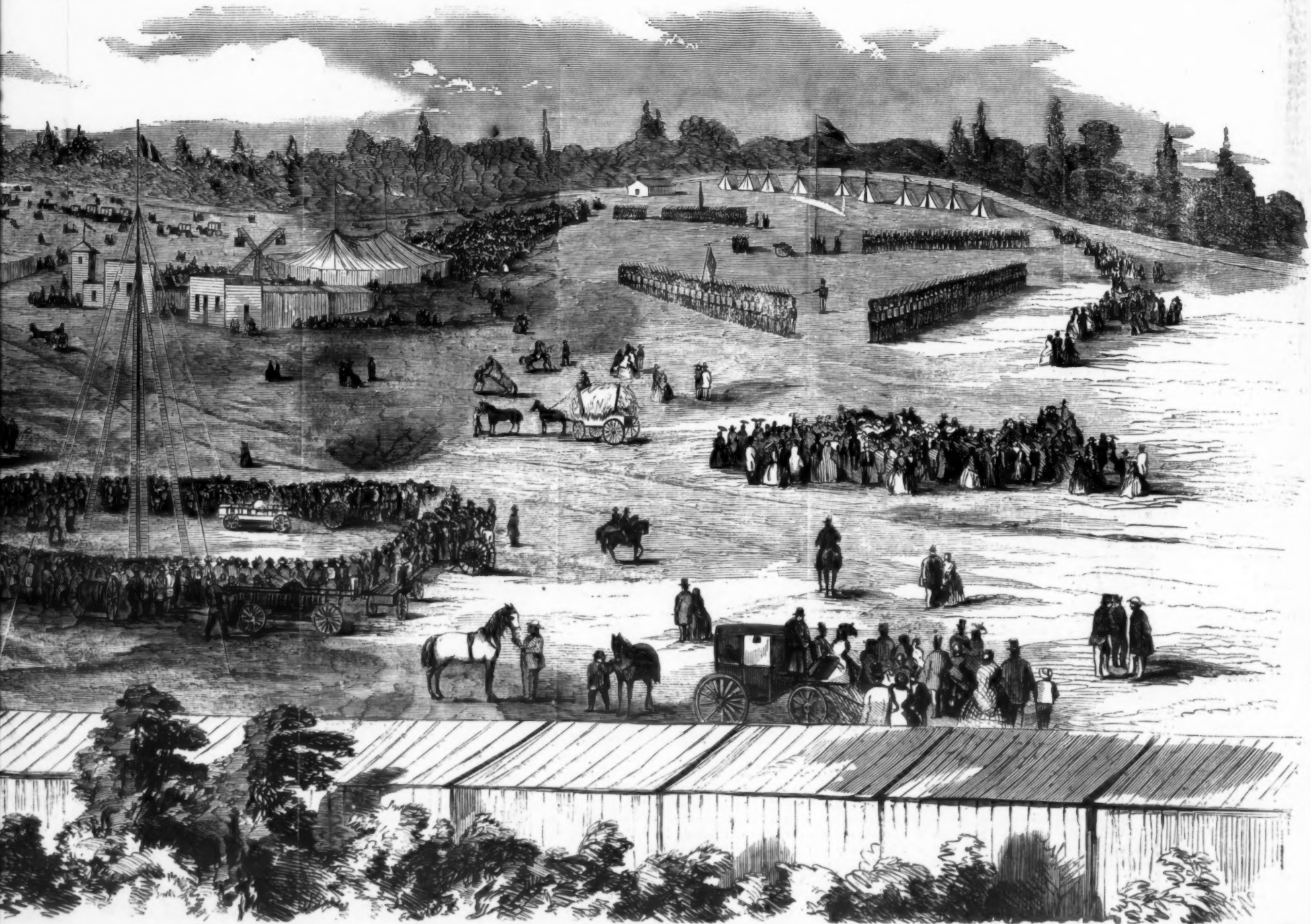
MADISON, WISCONSIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANZ HOLZAPPEL, ESQ., OF MILWAUKIE, WIS.—SEE PAGE 392.



FAIR OF THE WISCONSIN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT MADISON, WIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANZ HOLZAPPEL, ESQ., OF MILWAUKIE, WIS.—SEE PAGE 392.



Y FRANZ HOLZAPFEL, ESQ., OF MILWAUKIE, WIS.—SEE PAGE 392.



WIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANZ HOLZAPFEL, ESQ., OF MILWAUKIE, WIS.—SEE PAGE 392.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WISCONSIN AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE State Agricultural Association, of Wisconsin held its eighth annual exhibition at Madison, the capital of the State, during the first week in October, the days occupied being the 4th till the 8th. Our correspondent thinks that the time was badly chosen, since October in Wisconsin is a month of almost constant wet and cold, and the weather which attended the exhibition was exceedingly unfavorable. The site of the assemblage was, however, singularly excellent. Madison, as is well known, was selected as the capital of the State before a single dwelling was put up, purely on account of the beauty and eligibility of its site. The capitol was the first building put up, and was commenced in 1837. The city grew but slowly, its industrial resources being very limited, and its population did not exceed two thousand in 1851. It is now about ten thousand. The site is celebrated for its proximity to four beautiful lakes, on an isthmus between two of which it is built. These four lakes were known in the early days of Madison as First, Second, Third and Fourth Lakes, but the Legislature, some years ago, very commendably exercised its name-conferring power, and changed the unmeaning numerals into aboriginal names. Fourth and Third Lakes are now known as Lakes Mendota and Monona. The isthmus dividing these two sheets of water is some three-quarters of a mile long. Lake Mendota, the largest, and lying on the north-west side of the town, is six miles long by four wide, and is navigated by steamboats, the depth being some sixty feet. Lake Monona is somewhat less in size. All the four are in communication with each other, and are drained by the Rock River, which falls into the Mississippi. The capitol, which is built of limestone, stands on ground seventy feet above the level of the lakes, and is surrounded by a fine public square. A broad straight street extends from the capitol in a westerly direction towards College Hill, an eminence upon which the University of Wisconsin is founded. The site of the town is varied, some parts lying low and level, while others are elevated and hilly.

The spot chosen for the Exhibition lies about a mile and a half from the centre of the town, at the base of College Hill, on the line of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, the trains on which were made to stop, during the continuance of the fair, in proximity to the grounds. The Exhibition grounds, consisting of an oval space several acres in extent, were railed in with a temporary board fence, and contained numerous tents and wooden buildings. Among the edifices were a large refreshment room, a marquee for the military, tents for the reception of industrial products, fruits, vegetables, &c. The display of agricultural machinery was very complete.

On Monday, the 4th, and Tuesday the 5th October, the entries for the Exhibition were registered and arranged. The fair was opened on Wednesday by Mr. Willard, President of the Wisconsin Agricultural Society, who delivered the customary inaugural oration. Great crowds had been attracted to Madison by the Exhibition, and the road from the city to the grounds was thronged with passengers and vehicles during this and the succeeding days. Omnibuses and other conveyances had been providently brought to Madison from neighboring places, and in some cases from distances of more than one hundred miles, and their owners were amply remunerated. Fifty dollars were netted by some of the vehicles in a single day. Three military companies were on the ground, one from Milwaukee and two belonging to Madison, beside which there was an extensive display of firemen and their engines. Thursday and Friday were taken up in ploughing matches, inspection of stock, and trials of speed by draught and saddle horses. A display of horsemanship among the ladies also took place, in which considerable numbers participated. The display of fruit, and especially of apples, was very fine. One farmer contributed no less than ninety varieties of apples to the fair.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—J. W. WALLACK, LESSEE.—Grand Reopening of this beautiful Temple of the Drama, with a company unsurpassed for excellence, comprising nearly all the old favorites of this establishment:

JAMES W. WALLACK, J. LESTER WALLACK, JOHN BROUGHAM, MRS. HOEY, MRS. VERNON.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra chairs, \$1.

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Doors open at 7½; the performance to commence at 8 precisely.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1858-59.—The first Concert will take place on Saturday evening, November 20, 1858, at Niblo's Garden. The following artists have kindly volunteered their services: Miss HATTIE ANDERSON, Messrs. PHILIP MAYER, LOUIS SCHREIBER, E. MOLLENHAUER, J. NOLL, G. MATZKA and F. BERGMANN.

Conductor, Mr. CARL BERGMANN.
Doors open at seven o'clock; to commence at eight o'clock P.M.
By order, L. SPIER, Secretary.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1858

Shortly will be published, price Six Cents,
FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN,
richly illustrated with numerous Engravings by the most eminent Artists, and containing a choice collection of Humorous Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes and other entertaining matter.

The Reign of Terror.

THE deliberate homicide by a policeman of a working man, given in charge for a common assault, is such a murderous assertion of the dignity of the law that it requires consideration, since it may happen to any man, who, being wrongfully arrested, and a little the worse for liquor, strikes a policeman and then tries to escape. In saying this, let it be distinctly understood we would protect to the utmost the person of the policeman; we are aware that there is too great a leniency shown to ruffians who resist the legal guardians of the public peace, and who laugh at all authority, and this is caused by the laxity of our judiciary, which, being controlled by the shoulder-hitters of primary elections, dare not put the law in force against these disturbers of the public peace, since such an exercise of independence would, most probably, render their future hopes of a re-nomination hopeless. Our Judges, therefore, like Festus, often tremble in their shoes before their prisoner. Indeed were some Judges to hang all

the felons that are brought before them, they would destroy the very men who elected them.

Not long ago we had the shameful exhibition of an Alderman intimidating a Judge to acquit a notorious rowdy, who had knocked a woman down and then beaten the policeman. This rowdy, however, was one of the frequenters of the Alderman's groggery, and an enterprising shoulder-hitter at his elections.

The result is that the halo of authority, which in every other country hangs over the officer, does not exist in this, and, therefore, the policeman is compelled to fight his own battles. In England, France, and, indeed, in every civilized community, the idea of resistance to a recognized guardian of the State seldom enters into the head of the most desperate criminal. They well know that such resistance would only certainly entail upon them severe and immediate punishment, and that all the pettifoggery in the world cannot hoodwink or intimidate the Judge to grant a writ of error, stay of proceeding and new trial—*derniers ressorts* which were intended as a safeguard to the innocent, and not, as they are made here, an immunity to the guilty.

Surely, were any of our revolutionary fathers to rise from their graves, they would fancy themselves in Pandemonium or Bedlam instead of in a city consecrated with their blood, and whose very freedom, so foully abused, was wrested, by their heroic actions, from the tyranny of a British tyrant.

The most noteworthy aspect in this recent homicide is the fact of a guardian of the public peace shooting, unhesitatingly, in one of the most crowded thoroughfares, at two o'clock in the afternoon, after a man who was running away, in the midst of hundreds. Considering that several shots were fired by this reckless policeman, it is a mercy that some passer-by was not killed as well as the unhappy man; indeed, ex-Alderman Page had a narrow escape, since he testifies to one ball whizzing past his head.

Since, however, the coroner's jury has held this policeman to take his trial for the homicide, we shall say no more on this head, but leave him to the law, however inefficient that may be rendered by quibbling pettifoggers and weak or corrupt Judges.

The lessons, however, taught by this calamitous event are plain: these are, that more care should be taken in the selection of our policemen, that they should not be allowed to use their revolvers except in personal defence, and also that no foreigner should be appointed to these positions while there is an American qualified for it.

Above all, the utmost severity of the law should descend upon all who resist the authority of the police, for it is absurd to expect that respectable and reliable men will undertake an office which renders them a target for rowdy violence, or that the reckless men, who are thus placed in that position, will tamely stand, with deadly weapons in their hands, to be felled like oxen in the discharge of their duty.

The whole fault lies between the judiciary for not more severely punishing resistance to the constituted authorities, and in suffering political bias to select the policemen, instead of fitness for so important a post.

Alderman Reed "goes in" with a Broadaxe.

ALDERMAN REED is not only a man of rare mental acquirements, which render him peculiarly fitted for the position of lawgiver and justice dispenser; but his gladiatorial accomplishments, particularly with the broadaxe, would warrant us in believing that Nature had cut him out for a butcher.

On election day, the 2d inst., the gallant Alderman perceives a slight "muss" at one of the election-booths in the Twentieth Ward, and "goes in," pushing and knocking men to the right and to the left, until he is brought up and also down by a blow, well and worthily delivered. Whereupon he makes a complaint.

The counsel for the prisoner averred that the Alderman's conduct on that occasion was that of a pugilist, rather than a magistrate. He dashed into the crowd, knocking down every one in his way at la Benicia Boy.

Mr. George Prentiss testified that Reed came rushing in, swinging his arms, and seized Lapham by the collar, when both went down together; that Reed called out to the policeman to take Lapham and pound his head off and knock his brains out.

The Alderman, of course, endeavors to clear himself, declaring, however, that the only way to deal with the "Aldermanic pets," the rowdies, is to "pound their heads and knock their brains out." He then describes the Battle of the Broadaxe with a simplicity and a vigor equal to the noblest Homeric burst of inspiration. He says:

I was not only assaulted in this district, but in the evening I saw a gang of rowdies cutting up and burning a wagon, and when I interfered and arrested the leader and started for the station-house, I was pumelled in the back and head, and came near getting my brains knocked out. It was only by cutting my way with a broadaxe that I succeeded in getting my prisoner away.

This is, indeed, a vivid picture! We fancy we see the gallant Sir Alderman Reed, with his fine eyes flashing defiance on either side of his strongly pronounced nose, wielding his broadaxe like another Sir Athelstan, and shouting aloud his war-cry of "Pound his head off! knock his brains out!" We have said this is a vivid picture, and so it is. We owe these patient and suffering Aldermen much. Are they not the defenders of our civil liberty and the keepers of our public purse? We owe them much, indeed we hardly know what we owe them! But it consoles us to know that if we have not kept count of the debt, they have, and will, in all probability, pay themselves without presenting an account or giving a receipt for the same!

porting on the Lakes.

It is a worn-out old saying that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives," but it is a true one. While we are praying for air in our close offices, or, perchance, steaming ourselves in a little six by nine room in a Saratoga Hotel during the sultry summer months, we hardly suppose that our grave philosophers, working lawyers, sublimated poets and orthodox divines are away up the lakes of Northern New York, camping out like hardy trappers, securing the speckled trout with the pertinacity and skill of an Isaac Walton, or hunting the antlered deer to its gory death like some mighty Nimrod. Yet such is the fact, as the spirited and amusing journal of F. S. Stallknecht and Charles E. Whitehead, Esqrs., which is concluded in our present issue, clearly proves. They left the entangled webs of

law, the meshes of intricate causes, for a brief time to gain health of body and vigor of mind among the mighty forests, the placid lakes and the mountain side.

They left duly apparelled and equipped for a month's camping out; they went to enjoy Nature in the rough, and the result of their pleasant excursion is made manifest to our readers in Mr. Stallknecht's diary and Mr. Whitehead's sketches, and we are sure that their clients will think better of them as lawyers now that they know them to be men—men who enjoy men's sport in preference to dangle round the ladies' parlor of a fashionable watering-place hotel.

The "Sporting Tour in August, 1858," will be read with pleasure by thousands, and we predict that there will be a great influx of devoted sportsmen to the Lakes in the coming spring and summer. We have been favored with a copy of the entire expenses of the tour, corrected by Messrs. Stallknecht and Whitehead, and confess to a gentle surprise at the moderate cost of so much genuine and healthful pleasure, and intend to couch our pen against the denizens of the forest some time about August, 1859.

Passing Notices.

POPULAR LECTURES.—Mr. John Murray, whose success at the Mercantile Library in the spring was unequivocal, will give his admirable lecture on the "Strength of the English Tongue" at the Polytechnic Rooms in Brooklyn, on Friday evening next. On the following Wednesday, at the same place, Mr. Murray will lecture upon the "Sweetness of the English Tongue." These lectures will be appropriately illustrated by selections from the most eminent English and American writers. Mr. Murray's elocutionary powers are of a high character, and our readers may be assured that an hour passed with him at the Polytechnic on Friday or Wednesday evenings next, will prove both pleasant and profitable.

BUSINESS ELECTROTYPES.—Mr. A. H. Jocelyn, of 58 and 60 Fulton street (who, by-the-by, electrotypes our PAPER, FAMILY MAGAZINE, &c.), has issued the first number of a quarterly publication called the New York *Electrotypist*. It is a journal of useful designs for the printing trade and for business men; in it will be found symbolic headings for all sorts of business and trades, executed in the best style and at most reasonable prices. Mr. Jocelyn has a vast collection of these cuts, a collection numbering many hundreds, so that no one can fail to find what he wants. The quarterly *Electrotypist*, however, contains all the newest designs, and is furnished to the trade at the low price of twenty-five cents a year. It will be found of inestimable value to all printers.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING CARDS, JEWELLERY, &c.—Dempsey & Fargis, of 603 Broadway, have firmly established their reputation as the chosen card engravers, *par excellence*, of the fashionable world at large, and the superb manner in which they produce their work fully entitles them to the distinction. We have examined a large collection of their cards, executed to the orders of our most distinguished resident families and visitors, and we have seen nothing more exquisite than their engraving, both as regards artistic finish and elegance of design. We can commend their establishment to our friends and the public without hesitation, feeling assured, from what we have seen, that the most perfect satisfaction will be given on all orders received. Their collection of jewellery, &c., in point of taste, richness and sterling excellence, is well worth a careful examination. It will repay a visit, although the inspection may cost something to those who have the money to spend.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WE have from time to time received numerous letters, remonstrating with us for not having a Washington correspondent. A correspondent, who signs himself "Snooks," says, "Every respectable and influential paper has one." Another, who rejoices in the name of "Snaggs," plainly threatens to "stop our paper if we don't get one right away." While a third, whose signature reads like "Boggs," opines that it looks disrespectful towards "the old man" in Washington to give him so completely the go-by!

The public doubtless recollects that about a year ago we had a Washington correspondent, who put "Pickles" to the end of his communications. It is needless to add that his letters were brilliant, for that is implied by the mere publication of them in our columns. We soon found, however, that our correspondent had an axe to grind, which proved to be the mission to France. Our disgust was immense, and we wrote to our friend J. B. on the subject, who got the appointment cancelled in the Senate. This, however, is matter of history.

Anxious to accommodate the public, we put the following advertisement into our paper some three weeks ago:

"WANTED.—A Washington Correspondent. Apply to F. L., 13 Frankfort street. No gentleman of the slightest imagination need apply. Salary one thousand dollars a week, and the Embassy to St. James's."

Our replies were numerous. Puzzled which to select, we piously determined to throw the *onus* upon Providence. We therefore shut our eyes, and chose one from the millions of letters before us. It was signed "Gammon." There was something promising and Baconian in the name, and we straightway wrote, engaging him—enjoining a letter every day; for, although a weekly paper, we were naturally anxious to know what was going on in our great capital. We give the first week's correspondence:

Willard's Hotel, Monday.

It is impossible to convey to you the slightest idea of the avidity with which your more than invaluable paper is read. I have seen four hundred Senators fight like shoulder-hitters for the first copy, and it was only this very afternoon that our venerable Secretary Cass felled George Sanders to the earth in a struggle for a back number. Last week, Harriet Lane (a charming girl, by-the-by), ran half way down Pennsylvania avenue without her bonnet to get the new number. This is a fact, as I saw her myself. I ought to tell you that Secretary Cobb says he'll be d—d ere he will buy Barnum's Museum for a Post Office. He thinks (so he told me confidentially), that the larger bier saloon next to your office is the centre, or rather next door to the centre of New York intelligence—and he is right. The wires are waiting.

GAMMON.

National Hotel, Tuesday.

I have been obliged to change my hotel—the mere fact of my posting a letter to you yesterday having caused the most tremendous excitement. My room was besieged by Senators begging of me for the sake of Heaven to give them a puff. Secretary Floyd, with tears in his eyes, fell on his knees, and swore he would never rise from that respectful position till I had shown him what I had written about him. I told him I would send him a copy of the paper. The crowd was growing so dense that all egress and ingress were suspended, and the proprietors of the hotel begged me to remove. I was therefore carefully drawn up the stovetope, and am now safely housed in the National. Jack Savage, the Sancho Panza to Don Quixote Heias, of the States, sent me yesterday a diamond necklace and bracelets for Mrs. Gammon, asking in return a word in favor of Avonia Bones and his new comedy of Bibbidi, Lybbidi, or some such name. I returned the jewels with a severe note. More to-morrow.

GAMMON.

P. S.—I open my letter to say that there was no truth in my former letter—I was deceived. It was Bidly Flanagan, who runs errands for the President, and not his niece, Harriet Lane, I saw running down the avenue without her bonnet with a FRANK LESLIE in her hand; and it was Tim Mooney, the pugilist, who knocked Pat O'Shillelah down, and not Cass who felled Sanders. I must have been mistaken in their persons.

GAMMON.

Brown's Hotel, Wednesday.

I have been obliged to remove again. You can guess the reason—the same that compelled me to leave Willard's. Nothing new to-day.

GAMMON.

P. S.—I tear open this note communicate the most astounding and glorious

rows: WAR WITH ENGLAND AND FRANCE! You can depend on this. I have the best authority, namely, the President's own honored lips. I met him ten minutes ago coming from the post office with his letters. I introduced myself; he was affable. Taking me for an Irishman, he playfully assumed the brogue. He would make a capital actor! He had opened one of his letters, and was reading it as he walked towards the White House, when I met him. I knew it was the President, having heard him ask at the post office window if there were any "letters for James Buchanan?" Would it not be a good speculation to buy up the Hoboken ferry-boats? We must have a fleet to invade France and England, and we could sell the John Fitch and the Chancellor Livingston at enormous profit to the Secretary of War. Put my first week's salary towards this speculation. GAMMON.

2d P.S.—I have just heard that Secretary Cass has ordered ten line of screw steamers to sail immediately for Central America. The British and French fleets are to be swept from the ocean.

Thursday.—I have just heard that the report of Cass's order to the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, to despatch immediately ten line of screw steamers to Central America, is premature—there not being any there to send. Had they been there, I am informed on the highest authority, they would have been sent. Instead of these, the fleet of oyster-boats, now lying at anchor at Communipaw, will be despatched. GAMMON.

P.S.—The news of the elections has arrived. The President is tearing his hair out by the handful. The barber has been summoned to shave his head, lest he should make himself quite bald.

White House, Washington, Thursday, midnight.
I hope you have not published my letter of yesterday. The gentleman whom I naturally mistook for the President was Phelim O'Shaunessy, who fetches his Excellency's letters from the post office every morning. I date this letter from the White House, where I have called, on the strength of the affable reception I met with yesterday from the gentleman I innocently thought to be the President; I then discovered my mistake. There may, however, be some truth in what I said about the President's niece buying a copy of your paper, for I hear that she is often in Pennsylvania avenue. This blunder of mine has rather annoyed me; it is one, however, even the *Herald's* correspondent might have fallen into—and being my first, is excusable. GAMMON.

Friday.—Confidential.—Affairs are evidently in an alarming state. The President was observed to put his hands in his pockets and elevate his eyebrows. The famous correspondent of the *Daily Snore*, Excelsior, says it means, "I am almost afraid there is not money enough in the Treasury to buy Cuba, and I am afraid to steal it. Cuss the eighth commandment!" Excelsior, who is a pious man, says that this profane swearing will lose the Democratic vote. I doubt it.

Saturday.—It affords me considerable pleasure to say that the reports of Mr. Buchanan's perplexity on the money question is not true; inasmuch as he could not have put his hands in his pockets, as he always has his breeches made without pockets, as it prevents his friends putting their hands into them; I had doubts of it from the first.

P.S.—A most sanguinary duel has just been fought between the editor of the *Union* and Major Heiss of the *States*. The former was attended to the field of death by Colonel Forney, and the latter by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. Weidell was severely wounded in the seat of his breeches, and his antagonist in the calf of his boot. Neither are expected to survive. The seconds were dreadfully frightened. GAMMON.

NOTE.—We have only to tell our readers that we have paid Gammon his first week's salary, and given him a letter of recommendation to the New York *Herald*. Such powers of veracity are wasted upon us. We have, therefore, resolved to follow the beaten track, and have our Washington letters written in our own sanctum.

THE DELIGHTS OF TOBACCO.

By Joe Bagstock.

"Ex fumo dare lucem."—BROWN, JUN.

Mr. Editor—

J. B. has to say a few words in answer to an editorial in a certain paper on tobacco, which, without meaning to be personal, he declares to be unworthy of the distinguished place it occupies. The writer ought to have known that it is a complete waste of powder to fire at smoke—there's nothing to hit. We never knew any one abuse a cigar but some weak-viscerated fellow who was afraid to smoke it, just as dull dogs abominate wit because they cannot join in or understand it, and so are fairly bowled out of the game.

At the same time, J. B. honestly avows he abominates chewing altogether; he never turned a quid in his mouth but once, and then it turned him sick as a dog, or the editor of a comic paper. That turn of the quid has served him all his life. But Joe Bagstock owns up to a cigar; nay, he will even go further—in case of an emergency he will even take a few whiffs of a meerschaum. This, however, is a *dernier resort*. But a cigar—a real Principe, or a Figaro, or a Piccolomini—is our especial weakness; and, like the Aldermen who doated on stump-tailed cows, J. B. don't care who knows it. He considers a cigar as the organ of meditation—the instrument of the Muses. All great poets have been smokers. It has become the test of intelligence. "Do you smoke?" is equivalent in all civilized lands to asking "If you understand?" Milton smoked a short pipe; Klopstock, a sort of German Milton, smoked a meerschaum; Shakespeare, a long-stemmed clay; Raleigh, any pipe he could get; Tennyson goes in for cigars; J. B. has already confessed the corn. All these instances prove that smoking is the best of the *King* family, better than *joking*, *poking*, and certainly better than *drinking*. In short, smoking is the only *King* an American tolerates, because it is the friend of virtue. Who ever heard of any man committing a murder or a burglary, or even of kissing another man's wife, with a cigar in his mouth? It is J. B.'s deliberate opinion that all villainy is done by persons who *don't* smoke. It is certain that all the greatest monsters of antiquity, as well as of modern times, have not indulged in tobacco. We will name a few: Pontius Pilate, Herod, parsons in general, Nero, Lindley Murray (the cold-blooded inventor of grammar), Horace Greeley and Parson Beecher. Joe Bagstock flatters himself it would be difficult to find smokers with villainy enough to weigh down these.

A great philosopher has said, "Before you decide upon anything rash, count a hundred, read a chapter in the Bible, or say the catechism backwards!" Joe Bagstock declares that if a man, when he contemplated anything rash, were to light a cigar and smoke it right through, he never would commit a rashness or even an inadvertence. There is a volume of poetry, philosophy and science in the curling vapor of a cigar as it rises to its native region, the celestial. An intelligent mind discerns in the ascending smoke things which are never dreamt of in the philosophy of the dull dogs who write diatribes against tobacco. Joe Bagstock once saw the Day of Judgment in the voluminous cloud of a full-flavored Havana, and he dares say, if he were personally acquainted with the author of the "Curse of Tobacco," he would have seen him among the gentlemen in waiting "on the left!"

And what a volume of wisdom lies in a box of cigars! The Catechisms of Egypt are not more impressive. How redolent of hope is the box when first opened! A merry company are the hundred rotund figures of the divine leaf! And yet to the philosophic eye, which pierces the future, all is smoke! The best versions of Solomon's Song read "All is smoke" instead of "All is vanity!" One by one these silent roils disappear, and at last nothing but the empty box remains, like an old coffin that has outlasted its dead tenant, or a coat that has turned the tables upon its owner and worn out its wearer! And what a lecture on human vanity is a cigar; how grim and pompous it looks till the touch of fire proclaims its mortality by commencing its decay! A few minutes' puffing, and, alas! how absurd the "old sojer" looks—a mere dull tip one—even its ashes are no longer seen!

A cigar also proclaims the various degrees of humanity. The true man, the poet, musician, philosopher—and good fellow are real Havana; the common herd, the groundling, the hireling are mere cabbage leaf, not even fit to boil with beef. And observe its effects on common life. If the scribe of the "Curse of Tobacco" has not seen it, Joe Bagstock flatters himself that he has. Let us take Jones. His wife, who is a devil of a vixen, begins to lecture him for taking a grass widow to hear the divine Piccolomini. He lights a cigar and blandly puffs. She blows up, looking every minute lovelier as the smoke curls her beautiful form to his vision. She has all the talk to herself. This cools and comforts her—in fact, she evaporates! If Jones had not a cigar in his mouth some very angry things would come out of it, and there would be a row; yes, Mr. Editor, a farnation row; and if J. B. knows anything of married life there would be a preliminary smash of crockery sufficient to macadamise the way to a divorce, and then there would be the devil to pay, and nobody to foot the bill. As it is she fires away at him, he smokes away at her; fire and smoke mingle harmoniously, and happiness is the total result.

Let us take another case in point. There's Smith, when he has a cigar in his mouth he is as wise as Solomon, or, at all events, he

looks it, which is just the same thing in this world. As he smokes not Confucius or any other Chinese mandarin ever looked wiser—or indeed, for the matter of that, *other wiser*—but just take that cigar out of Smith's solemn chops and he talks like a fool. Now Joe Bagstock wishes to see the man, individual or fellow human who has anything to say against the patron of wedded happiness, that is, Jones and his wife; and wisdom, which, in plain English, is the aforesaid Smith, and if you or any one knows such a man, Mr. Editor, just trot him out, for Joe Bagstock would like to ride him—on a rail!

LITERATURE.

Life of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. Vols. 1 and 2.

With Maps and Portraits. Harper Brothers.

After a hard struggle Carlyle has forced his way into the foremost rank of modern thinkers. There are those who even now consider him more remarkable for his *manner* than for his *matter*, and maintain that were his thoughts put into Addisonian prose they would be pronounced mere distortions of common-place. Others, however, have elevated him upon the shoulders of their idolatry till, like Simeon Stylites, even his greatest phraseological antics and guttural noises are considered little short of inspiration. The truth is probably between, and the public has accepted Carlyle as a man of great powers of mind, and gifted with the rare faculty of putting old things in a new light. He certainly every now and then shakes the Old World by his shoulders, and makes him open his ears to some wholesome truths. In addition to his force of thought he is a patient plodder. Few men of such fame and originality would give so much research to subjects of a past generation as Thomas Carlyle. This was eminently the case with his "Oliver Cromwell," and is now exemplified in his "Life of Frederick the Great." Mr. Carlyle shows his love for the *outré* by choosing two such unpromising subjects. There are few features of grace, tenderness or beauty to light up the countenances of these grim twins of history. Each with a strong flavor of the morbid in his composition—the one as a gloomy enthusiast, and the other as a hard, dry, caustic infidel, relieved by fits of politic religion, so far as the outside show went, they both presented traits in common, and developed them by the vigor of their actions, which aroused and arrested the attention of Europe. In Oliver Cromwell, Carlyle had a subject pretty familiar to the American and English nations. This had its advantages and drawbacks, since it is sailing between the Scylla and Charybdis of the foregone conclusions of the public mind. Among the great merits of Mr. Carlyle as a biographer is the power he possesses of creating, as it were, a soul under the ribs of death. Not content with making his reader familiar with the hero he introduces his parents, and we have thus the key note to the coming man boldly and truly sounded. The immense advantage of this is apparent. The boyhood becomes invested with an interest which is neglected in other writers, and before he enters upon the scene of those actions which have made him famous, we have a poetical interest in his progress which throws the charm of a life reality around it.

The characters of Carlyle's stand out as distinct as the creations of Shakespeare. We feel that we should know the men again if we were to meet them in the flesh. We can almost tell what they would say, and how they would say it, from merely studying their antecedents, and we therefore feel their vitality as though they were contemporaries. How truly Carlyle may paint them of course it is impossible to say, but it is generally in opposition to what is called the vulgar notion, and consequently makes its way slowly with the multitude. Our space will not allow us to give extracts, otherwise we might delight our readers with many sketches of character worthy of the old masters, if they had painted in words instead of colors. As it is the two volumes before us are a most valuable contribution to our literature, and cannot fail to throw considerable light upon that portion of European history of which Frederick the Great was so prominent a figure. It is well got up, and illustrated with maps, &c.

The Stratford Gallery: or, the Shakespeare Sisterhood. Comprising 45 Ideal Portraits, described by Mrs. J. W. PALMER. 1 vol., imperial 8vo., antique morocco. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Another work on Shakespeare! the reading world will perhaps exclaim, on perusing the title given above, in a tone of surprise at the addition to a series already so protracted; but astonishment which would be legitimate in another case is scarcely admissible in this; for the theme, no matter how often approached, or how laboriously studied, remains unexhaustible of exhaustion, and still presents new features, new opportunities, to each successive observer. To Shakespeare himself, the famous lines in which he characterises one of his subtlest creations may alone with propriety be applied, and no one can dispute that with reference to him it may be said: "Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale His infinite variety; others Cloy th' appetite feed, but he makes hungry Where most he satisfies; for vilest things Become themselves in him."

Thus it happens that no writer upon Shakespeare and his works, who fulfils the most obvious requirements of his profession, has failed to find more or less extended favor for his reflections. From the age of Theobald, and Stevens, and Malone, and Johnson, to that of Coleridge, and Lamb, and Hazlitt, and Staunton, scarcely a decade has passed in Britain without the addition of some new and valuable treatise to Shakespearean literature, which has afforded food for reflection besides to the profoundest intellects of continental Europe. Some of the acutest criticism on Shakespeare ever penned is to be found in the writings of Goethe and of Heick. French and Italian commentators have also played their part in this great field, nor has our own country failed to supply its contribution to the scholarly catalogue.

Women, too, have been singularly felicitous in exegetical essays upon the creations of Shakespeare. The keen, although delicate, perceptions of Mary Lamb, who wrote conjointly with her brother, of Mrs. Jameson, and of Mary Cowden Clarke, have been exercised with brilliant success on his wondrous female portraits; and although the same ground has been traversed by each, in no case has the labor of either been a repetition or an echo of that of her predecessor. The greatest human mind is the reflex and compendium of every other, and as a consequence, each new intellect that is brought to bear upon its productions finds an aspect in harmony with its own, and words which it almost seems are directed to it alone in all the world.

The universal individuality of Shakespeare is the quality which we in this very week admire so greatly, though it may appear in an immensely inferior degree in the lyric actress whose genius has arrogated the admiration of Europe and America. The principal charm of Piccolomini's acting lies in its apparent direction towards each several auditor.

Mrs. Palmer, then, in attempting a series of essays on the heroines of Shakespeare, does not apply herself to a task which is already fully executed. Differing in conception from the works which have gone before, her "Stratford Gallery" differs also in execution. There is a judicious admixture of the disquisitive or narrative style, offering, in brief compendium, the outline of the character as it might have presented itself to the poet's mind, and this is followed by a delicate and agreeable criticism on the completed portrait, in the various aspects under which it is presented to the observer. The authoress becomes in some measure a *cicerone*, pointing out successively one masterpiece after the other, and directing our attention to its salient features, while she explains the recondite allusions which the situation embodies, and builds up on the grand creation an unconscious poetry of her own. The illustrations which are thus treated are admirably engraved on steel by some of the most eminent English artists, from designs by Meadows, Jenkins, Leslie, and numerous others, and the work is brought out by the Messrs. Appleton in a superb style, matching the "World Noted Women" of Mary Cowden Clarke, which was published last year.

MUSIC.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—Don Giovanni.—For the first time in twenty years Mozart's masterpiece—the operatic masterpiece of all past time—has been produced in a style worthy of the greatness of the work. The scenery appropriate—the costumes splendid—the chorus immense and excellent—the orchestra grand not only in quantity but in quality, and the principal artists all of the first order, and some of them unapproachable in their fascination and genius. We listened to the opera, and we have known every note of the music, by heart, almost from childhood, and we can say in all sincerity that in every respect it was the most perfect operatic performance that we have heard in America. This praise is not slight, for we have had many really fine performances under the rule of Maretzky, Strakosch and Ullman, but taking it as a whole, the rendition of "Don Giovanni" on Monday evening at the Academy of Music was altogether unapproachable in its entire excellence.

Piccolomini, as Zerlina, gave us the true interpretation of the character and the music. Charming as was Sontag's and Bosio's conception of the part, it lacked all that reality, naïveté, that perfect, simple, girlish nature with which Piccolomini invested it. Her acting, if such perfect nature can be so called, was a study throughout. Not a moment did she lose Zerlina's identity; from the first to the last she was the simple, coquettish, warm-hearted, loving Spanish girl. No picture could be more complete and perfect. Her singing was also admirable; every note of her rôle she sang faithfully, save three notes added to return to the *torna*, and those in good taste, and in the difficult concerted music her accuracy was worthy full praise. It is hardly possible to describe the exquisitely winning sweetness of her manner combined with the strict purity of her style, of her execution of "Batti batti" and "Vedrai Carino;" we do not remember anything more perfectly fascinating in the whole course of our musical experience. Her rôle offers no opportunity for display—no grand dramatic situations—no exhibition of intense passion to move the sympathies of the audience, but her genius threw over the simple but beautiful materials a charm that won every one to admiration. It was a genuine triumph, and eclipsed all her previous efforts. The most rigid critic could not cavil at anything she did; she disarmed criticism by her excellence, and by it won the hearts of her audience.

Gazzaniga sang and acted the part of Donna Anna grandly. It is a part that but few can render justice to—its sentiment is the sublimity of grief, which requires the genius of a Gazzaniga to rescue it from a charge of maudlin sensibility. Gazzaniga's conception of the character was in keeping with the

grand design of the music; she filled out the poet's and musician's thought, and we could hardly ask for a more perfect personation.

Madame Ghioni made her first appearance in America, in the character of Donna Elvira. She has a very charming soprano voice, and sings with excellent taste and judgment. She gave the character of Elvira more importance than it ever received here before, so admirably did she sing and act it. She is handsome, with a fine personal appearance, and we expect to have much more to say of her by and by. Her pure singing of the fine music allotted her has made a most favorable impression.

Signor Lorini surprised and pleased us as Don Otavio. He has a smooth and beautiful voice, sings gracefully and tastefully, and acts well. He made a decided impression, and won the hearty plaudits of the audience.

Gassier, as the Don, was costumed superbly, and his singing and acting left us nothing to desire.

Carl Formes, the Leporello, held the sympathies of the audience with him from the first to the last. So jolly, so conscientious, so cunning, so superstitious a rascal we have rarely seen. He gives the real character, and his singing of the music is admirable beyond impeachment. We cannot speak too warmly of Formes' personation of Leporello—in every feature it bears the impress of a great artist.

We must not forget to mention, in terms of high praise, the names of Gasparoni and Weinlich who, as Masetto and the Commendatore acquire their selves to the satisfaction of all.

The chorus was excellent, and the effect of the celebrated "Viva la Libertà" was really grand. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Anschütz, and did him honor by its performance. Delicate, refined and prompt throughout, its performance was worthy of all praise. We have had no such operatic orchestra in New York before.

To Mr. Ullman be all praise. He has more than fulfilled his pledges to the public. However, we may sometimes smile at his *pronunciamentos* to the public, we must do him the justice to say, and we say it cheerfully, that his management has tended greatly to render the Italian Opera respected as an institution. He has presented a splendid material, and he has demanded its valuation from the public—his demand has been promptly acceded to because the public had faith, and a series of the most brilliant and crowded audiences that ever graced the auditorium of the Academy of Music has been the result. We say once more to Mr. Ullman be all praise given.

The performance of Don Giovanni was a triumph. It was received enthusiastically throughout, and the thousands went away with the gratifying feeling that they had heard the most perfect opera performed in the most perfect manner, and with a longing to hear it again.

The Second Opera Matinee.—Despite the wretched weather, the Academy of Music was densely crowded last Saturday. Madame Laborde appeared as Norma, after an absence of many years. She has lost none of the wonderful facility which of yore excited so much astonishment. She is the most florid of florid singers. She met with an enthusiastic reception, and was warmly applauded throughout.

Piccolomini, in the pleasant little operetta "La Serva Padrona," was as bewitching as usual, and made a decided and unqualified hit. We cannot imagine anything more exquisitely fascinating than her entire performance of the imperious housemaid. It is a picture perfect in itself, as is everything she does. We need hardly say that it was a brilliant success.

This evening (Wednesday) Piccolomini will appear in "La Figlia del Reggimento" and "La Serva Padrona," and Madame Laborde in the second act of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." On Thursday, Thanksgiving, the last matinee will be given, with Piccolomini in "Traviata," and Laborde in "Il Barbiere." On Friday evening Gazzaniga will perform her celebrated character of Alice in "Robert le Diable," assisted by Laborde and Formes; and on Saturday evening the first Italian operatic performance will be given at the Athenaeum, Brooklyn, by Piccolomini, Gazzaniga and Formes.

DRAMA.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—Miss Keene has rendered our dramatic critic's office somewhat unnecessary, so far as she is concerned, by producing "Our American Cousin," for it is now in its fifth week, with every prospect of running fifty nights more. Wallack should bring out some brilliant comedy or extravaganza of Brougham's, to keep up his side of Broadway. Jefferson's Yankee is being worn into a most finished performance. This is an instance of how much better it pays manager, actor and dramatist to give time and labor to a new play. Generally speaking, managers are nothing but tradespeople, what they can steal and what they can get very cheap they grasp at, losing the better and more profitable article. The late Thomas Hamblin, the sainted manager of the Bowery, paid the author of "Patnam" twenty-five dollars for that immense piece of success, and which put into the manager's pocket twenty thousand dollars. When appealed to in the day of the dramatist's distress, the magnanimous Hamblin sent him five dollars, and thought himself a liberal gentleman. However, he is dead, as all the managers will be in the course of a few years, and then they will have the pleasure of hearing what the public (including their present penny-a-liners and toadies) say of them. Miss McCarthy is growing more into favor with play-goers, and she will, we doubt not, be a popular actress. We must, however, remember that excellence is the result of labor as well as natural talent.

Wallack's Theatre.—There have been the same performances this week as last, the crowded houses testifying to their great attraction. "Marriage à la Mode" is much admired, not only on account of the neatness of the dialogue, but also for the admirable manner in which it is acted. The pleasant little farce of "A Gentleman from Ireland" has also been performed, and Brougham's excellent rendition of the hero has made it an agreeable feature. It is, however, old as the hills, being taken from a French story, translated into the columns of a pictorial abolition published by Mr. Montgomery some five or six years ago, and edited by that wayward man of genius, Wm. North. It has, however, been very cleverly put into acting shape by Mr. Fita James de Courcy O'Brien, the well known "Man about Town," whose piquant papers in a contemporary formed a redeeming feature, but which, being above the editor's density of comprehension, were consequently discontinued.

Brougham's matchless burlesque of "Neptune" is still acted with increased éclat. Brougham is a fortune to any manager, whether as actor or author. A new comedy by Tom Taylor, called "Going to the Bad, or my Scotch Aunt," was produced last week, and made an undeniable hit. It was finely acted in every part, but John Brougham gained a success greater than he ever before achieved. He has made the character of Peter Potts his own, and the man must be a bold one who would attempt it after him. Lester Wallack, Mrs. Hoey and Miss Gannon also made their characters striking specialties. "Going to the Bad" bids fair to have a long and brilliant run.

Barnum's Museum.—The enterprise of Greenwood, and the life his Museum displays, stand out in broad and merry contrast to his namesake of the Cemetery. "Never say die," is our friend Greenwood's motto. Curiosity upon curiosity follows, and we verily believe, if he could get nothing new, he could announce himself, and we must say a more popular man does not live, not even excepting the anacondas, the boa-constrictor, and the fat lady. At the present minute he has the largest giant and the smallest dwarf in creation. Brobdignag and Lilliput meet for once. All the other attractions are there likewise, and a pleasanter way to profitably invest a quarter is not known than to lay it down at the door of the American Museum.

Execution of James Rodgers.—This unhappy youth suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Friday at half past twelve o'clock, in the City Prison. Of him it might be said "Nothing became him in his life so much as the manner of his leaving it." He appeared to be prepared for the solemn change, and died with much quiet courage. There are several revolting facts connected with his execution, which we hope never to record again; such as the application of Mrs. Swanston, the wife to the murdered man, for permission to view the death of the boy murderer, and above all, the indifference displayed by the elder brother of the criminal who was in the yard while the wretched body was hanging. We should have terrible misgivings of this person if we were his relatives. We hope our rowdy youth will understand that roaming about of a night and drinking imperils their safety, through the hangman, as much as their brutal assaults do the life of the passers-by.

English Coolness.—The Court Journal says: "The possibility of a little difficulty with Brother Jonathan is imminent. The United States' agents at the Society Islands have promoted a disturbance which has ended in the deposition of the king, and they have not been unwilling to accept the territory on behalf of the American Government. This is, however, a very off-hand way of proceeding, which did not find favor with the English and French authorities, who have accordingly put the zealous Yankees into prison and reinstated the king. This is simple and correct, yet there will be doubtless much bad blood made about it, and we may not so soon hear the last of it." The matutinous impudence of this is worthy the filibusters of India, Australia, and if they could only reach it, the moon. Because the Socialists, for so we suppose the people of the Society Islands are called, wished to become the thirty-third State of our blessed Union, the French and English authorities very coolly put every American in prison. Where is the Paraguay fleet, and where is Ostend Manifesto Buchanan?

A Hay Field Anecdote.—There is a good story which may have been heard in more than one Yankee hay field this summer. We heard it one day while on a visit in the country. We went out to show some men how to "pitch." We had failed, and witted down under a haycock, and lay floundering and fanning the glow and sweat from our features in a comfortable position, when one of the jolly haymakers related the anecdote of the old man who was always bragging how folks used to work in his young days, and challenged his two sons together to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

The challenge was accepted, and the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out tauntingly, "More hay! more hay!"

Thicker and faster it came, whole cock and all, time, cloud after cloud overwhelming him. The old man was nearly covered, still he kept crying, "More hay! more hay!" until, struggling to keep on the top of the disordered and ill arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it.

"What are you down here for?" cried the boys.

"I came down after hay," answered the old man stoutly.

Which was a literal fact; he had come down after the wagon load, which had to be pitched on again rather more deliberately.



STALLKNECHT AND WHITEHEAD'S CAMP.

SPORTING TOUR IN AUGUST, 1888,

OF F. S. Stallknecht and Charles E. Whitehead;

THIS BEING STALLKNECHT'S ACCOUNT OF IT, WITH WHITEHEAD'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE NIGHT HUNT.

The jack is made of birch bark, and is shaped exactly like half of a small drum cut in two vertically. A stick supports it in the bow of the boat, and two lighted candles light up every object before you, leaving the boat and hunters unseen, in utter darkness, behind. Sam takes the stern, and I, with my gun across the lap, the hammer half cocked, sit on the front seat just behind the jack. Sam paddles, as is necessary, so noiselessly, that every voice of the night grows distinct and audible. We float out on the blue mirror of the lake. Every star is out. My position is such that I look downwards, and see nothing but the azure blue of the heavens, and the glittering stars reflected in the water. Sam never moves or utters a whisper. It seems a realization of the dream on the Racket. The boat floats in blue ether. Stars above, stars below, and stars all around. The first object that meets the eye is a pure white lily, set in a cluster of crimson pads, blushing with the shades of night and bending towards the boat. Emblem of light and purity, like the visit of an angel, it comes and goes and is seen no more. We approach the shore and keep a sharp look-out for the deer; the boat pushes into a growth of reeds and rushes, which bend and with sibilant sound rub against the bottom.

Splash! a frog leaps into the water. Again all is silent, and the very silence rings in the ear. What is this fanning the night air heavily, like a weird sister rushing up out of the water bushes to warn you of your destiny? It is a blue heron startled with alarm in his nightly raid upon the fishes. An owl hoots. I scan the shore closely; a bright spot is seen on the bank. Is it a deer? No, it is only a white stone. All relapses into the dead silence of solitude



PORTRAIT OF THE HUNTING KNIFE THAT STALLKNECHT TOOK WITH HIM INTO THE WOODS.

and of night. A swarm of midges and mosquitoes set up a song around the jack lights. There whirs a bat. The boat keeps moving under Sam's silent paddle.



PORTRAIT OF DITTO THAT WHITEHEAD TOOK WITH HIM.

Of a sudden a screaming as of a hundred voices rend the air and awaken the sleeping echoes of the woods, growing shriller and louder, as if a nest of panic-stricken banditti had been surprised in their



WHAT WAS CUT WITH THESE TERRIBLE HUNTING IMPLEMENTS.

ambuscade and were clamoring for their lives in wild despair. It is a flock of loons startled by our lights, splashing away in their effort to rise on their wings from the surface of the water. I count eight. Their frantic cries could not be distinguished from human voices. We explore every nook and bay, but find no deer. It is growing

quite chilly, and a dense fog is settling on the surface of the water. We pass a rock where I yesterday discovered a gull's nest. Now we are encircling a charming little green island. It reminds of the isle in Oman's sea, of which Hinda told Hafed in his stealthy visit to her in her tower:

How sweetly does the starlight smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle,
Oft in my fancy's wanderings
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And you and I within its bowers
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone.
Far from the cruel and the cold,
And the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lovely.

Sam says we shall have to give it up. It is too cold, and the fog grows so dense on the water that we can see but a few feet



A PORTRAIT OF WHITEHEAD'S HAT AT STARTING.

head, so we reluctantly turn our prow to the retreating shore and paddle home, Sam much mortified at what he calls our bad luck, I elated with this ghost-like midnight chase. We arrive at camp past midnight, and are soon wrapt in the embraces of Morpheus.



AS IT LOOKED WHEN IT CAME BACK.

Friday, Aug. 13.—We breakfast on a meadow hen shot by Whitehead yesterday evening. It goes down very well, roasted on a stick and basted with pork slices on a larding needle. Bradish and Dibblee have invited us to dine with them at the other end of the lake, so we set out early with our guides, and have time enough to give Brave a run. He chases in a fawn near Whitehead's boat. He runs up and takes a look at it, and lets it go where it lists. The guides take one of the boats and go off prospecting for game by themselves, while Whitehead and I row ourselves in the other by turns.

On our way down, in turning the point of an island we surprised an American eagle, who soared away majestically without undue haste. It is rare to come so close upon this noble bird, though some are always in sight in the high air. At Bradish's camp we meet Judge Birdseye, Lewis B. Reed and Mr. Miller, who came up yesterday and are camped on the spot we then left. They have had fair success with trout in some by-places, but have shot nothing. Bradish and Dibblee spread a royal dinner—venison broiled, roasted and fried, trout, pork and beans, a course of finer game consisting of frogs' hind legs, capped off with a desert of pancakes and rice pudding, coffee, cigars, whiskey, brandy, and a delicious glass of West India shrub, the recollection whereof still makes the teeth water. We finish up the day with a game of whist, and Whitehead makes a capital sketch of Bradish lounging in his tent with pipe in mouth, enjoying his ease and dignity. We agree on a joint hunt for to-morrow morning, and fix on the place of rendezvous at five o'clock, for the purpose of sending a deer to Judge Birdseye's party.

Saturday, Aug. 14.—At the appointed time we are at our stations, and the dogs soon strike a scent. While Sam is putting out Brave, in scrambling over the stones by the boat I lose my slippery foothold, glide off into the lake, and get a thorough wetting. There are no eyes peeping. I am as safe as was the lady in Coventry. So I laugh at my disaster, hang my wet garments on the bushes, take a real bath, and put on one piece of clothing after another as fast as I conceive it dry enough for comfort. Dibblee's dog ran in a three years' buck in ten minutes, which he shoots. Our pup makes a long run, but apparently loses his track at some pond where the deer has leaped in and washed off the scent. He comes back unsuccessful in melancholy dejection. Whitehead in the meanwhile kills a partridge, which gives a fresh flavor to our breakfast. As soon as we had fairly

got back to camp off dashes Brave again, as if bent on retrieving his disgrace, snuffs up a scent, and in a short time runs a fine two years' buck into the lake a mile below. Whitehead pulls after the deer, seizes him by the horns in the water, and cuts his throat with a bold thrust of his hunting-knife. This buck we sent down to Judge Birdseye's party with a saucy note, promising them a doe to-morrow for variety, if they continue to fail to provide for themselves. They accept with a message of gratification that two butchers from New York should be peddling meat here at so opportune a moment. It would be unfair to those gentlemen, however, not to mention that after this day they beat us, and shot two or three deer more than we got.

At about four o'clock we pack up, reload our boats, and row into Rock Pond, about five miles off, and pitch the tent. While the guides are getting up fires Whitehead and I throw our flies in the mouth of a cold brook near by, and haul in a nice mess of good-sized trout. We fish till darkness overtakes us, and after the fish cease to strike the dark-colored flies I put a white night fly on my leader, which coaxed up a few more. At ten o'clock at night I paddle out with Sam on

A Second Night Hunt.

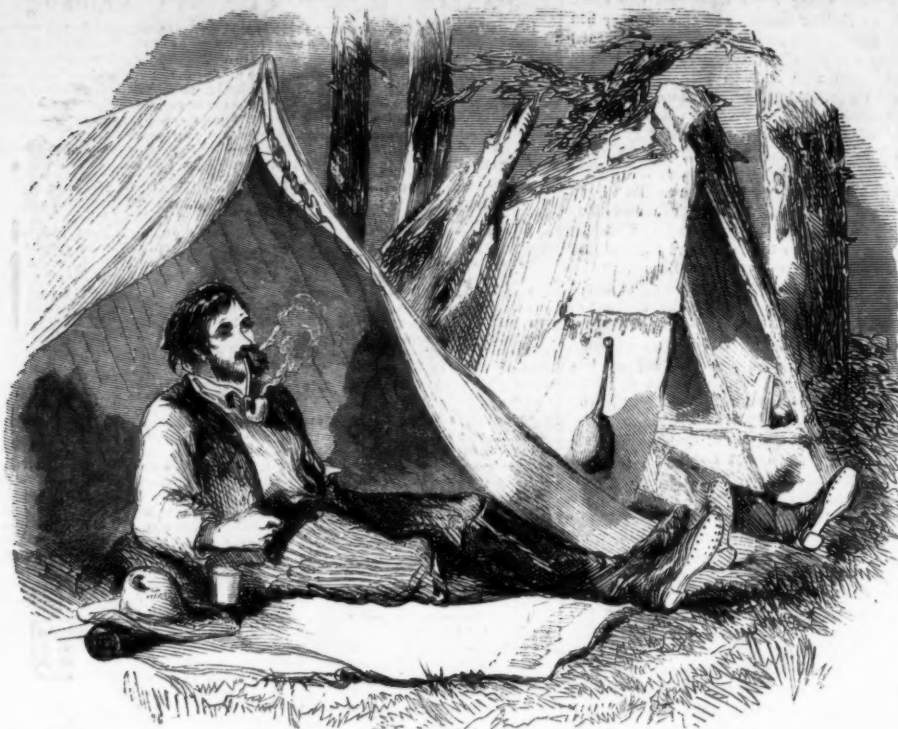
This time Whitehead goes along as guest, and seats himself on the middle seat of the boat. After a noiseless search in many a nook and bay we at last hear the breathing and soft tread of a deer in a marsh at the mouth of a little brook. After some difficulty in running on a grass clump under water and getting off again, the boat is pushed into a little green cove. I see the deer. His eyes glisten far apart like two coach lamps. He is standing in the water among the boggy grass, and stares stupidly at the light. He turns to go, and at that moment I aim and fire. The sound re-echoes and brings out the scream of a loon. Another deer we have not before espied runs off. The smoke clears away, and we search for the victim as well as we can in the dark, but find no trace of it, so I conclude I must have missed, and all the consolation I get is Whitehead remarking with a laugh, "Why, Stallknecht, what a miserable shot!"

Sunday, Aug. 15.—We set apart this day for absolute rest, for guides, dog and ourselves, and spend the day in the tent, and walking about in the vicinity botanizing and marking our names on the trees.

Monday, August 16.—I discover on awakening at six this morning that Whitehead, his gun and boat have stolen away from camp. The two guides and I take the other boat to go and see if I might not have shot that deer on Saturday night, after all. We have scarcely proceeded ten rods when a pretty young buck retreats from the shore at seeing the boat. Brave has scented him, and without asking leave leaps into the water and makes for the scent. Sam gruffly shouts to him to come back; he might as well shout to the wind. Brave soon howls the buck into the water. The blood of the Cæsars is up, and our resolutions not to hunt to-day vanish. Whitehead's boat appears in the inlet, and on seeing the buck in the water he makes for him, but the deer is too quick and reaches the shore first. Brave follows to the water's edge where the deer went in; we take him in the boat and row him over to the spot where the deer landed, for the dog loses the scent as soon as the deer takes to the water. He



STALLKNECHT READING LAL A BOOK.



OUR HOSTS AFTER DINNER.

drives him in a second and a third time, and as the deer now clammers up the steep rocks Whitehead sends a well-aimed rifle-bullet at his heart, and the dog stands watching his dead carcass, in which grouping and attitude Whitehead makes a beautiful sketch of the two. The deer ran completely around the pond twice, and Brave always kept him between himself and the water. It was a most



A PORTRAIT OF THE "COMPLETE FISHERMAN'S OUTFIT" THAT STALLKNECHT TOOK INTO THE WOODS.



A PORTRAIT OF THE FISH THAT STALLKNECHT CAUGHT WITH THE "COMPLETE FISHERMAN'S OUTFIT."

exciting chase. After breakfast I go out again to look for my last night's game, but conclude after a half hour's diligent search that the buck is safe. The guides get the boats out of the water and pack the baggage in snug packages, ready for transportation over the long carries to Forked Lake.

Sam laments that we will not linger with him about this spot for ten or twelve days. If we will, he says we shall have a moose. He knows his feeding places. None have as yet been killed this season, though rarely a summer passes without one or two are brought down to bite the dust. During last night a shrill whistle close by the tent awoke the camp, and brought us to our feet in some alarm. Whitehead and I seize our hunting-knives, and panting for the fray, rushed out in the dark. The guides took it coolly, turned over, and with spicy interjections for being disturbed in their dreams, laughed at our eager haste. It was a deer whistling in his surprise, who ran off as quick as he scented the enemy.

We now set out on our longest portage. I carry my bag and gun, weighing together a little over forty pounds. We cross to the first pond in two hours. It is a little over two and a quarter miles. The walking is not so bad as the two mile carry on Bog River. Sam was the pioneer of this short cut between Rock Pond and Forked Lake, and the two elevations in it have after him been named Mountain Sam and Sam Hill. There is a soggy marsh a quarter of a mile wide to be crossed at the end, where at every step we sink ankle deep. The boats are now launched on Bottle Pond, so named from its shape; there is even a small island in the neck, which the imagination readily transforms into a cork. It is but a five minutes' row to cross it. The next carry leads over a hill or ridge to Sutton Pond, and is about sixty rods long. This ridge divides the water courses between Little Tupper's Lake and Forked Lake. Sutton Pond has a pretty island in the middle. We sail across it, and again carry about eighty rods over a hill to Cary's Pond. The bank where we launch on this latter is marshy, and the landing-place is a few rods up a marshy brook.

The next carry is a half mile, and leads to Little Forked Lake. Here we bathe while the guides are gone for their second load. Launched for the last time to-day, we row through Little Forked Lake and the river that connects it with Forked Lake, both well named from the multitude of points like prongs of a fork running out into the water, nearly

meeting each other. The scenery still remains as everywhere, a dense forest of pines, birches, spruce and hemlock, with arbutus or flat cedars, full of drooping mosses, overhanging the water and fringing the banks beautifully with a lighter green than the general foliage. We land at the clearing of Bill Helms, on Forked Lake, at three o'clock, and have come over with much less fatigue than we anticipated. Whitehead carried his boat over one of the short portages. Helms is a trapper and hunter, and farms his little clearing. He is not at home to-day. I met him last year in the woods. His good-natured wife and her six babies, the eldest not yet eight years old, receive us in their tidy log shanty of two rooms and a garret, wherein, besides housing the little family and helping maid, he entertains two regular boarders, four hounds, and keeps hotel. We refresh ourselves on a drink of water, and after patting the children, and admiring a fawn skin and a loon skin, pass on to Wilbur's Hotel, situated about a

mile farther on, out of sight of water, in a clearing on the neck between Forked and Racket Lakes, and is a roomy, commodious house, only it is not yet clapboarded and plastered, but simply lathed, and you can take a peep from room to room through the chinks. Upstairs blankets are hung up instead of doors, so we went to bed the night we staid there a whispering for fear of disturbing the ladies.

At nightfall we go out on Racket Lake, and at the first point meet an encampment, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Brace and their little boy, three years old, Mrs. A. J. Downing, and some other gentlemen and young ladies. How jaunty they look in their short Balmorals and hob-nailed shoes! Both Whitehead and I have acquaintances among them, and at their invitation pass the evening with them very sociably around their large camp fire, the moon shining brightly above. Whitehead, Mr. Day and one of the ladies act admirably, in charade, the word Romantic, to the great amusement of all, not excepting Sam Dunning. We do not get back to bed at Wilbur's till long after midnight.

Tuesday, Aug. 17.—I slept sound enough on Wilbur's straw bed, but must confess that I longed for the spruce and fir balsam boughs of the tent. We again visited Camp Downing in the morning, as Mrs. Brace has named their camp. It was our plan to hunt deer for the amusement of the ladies, but they have discovered that Whitehead sketches, and keep him busy at his art, he not unwillingly, for one of them hangs her black eyes over his shoulders in a manner that argues something else besides the sketch is interesting her. Whitehead, on his part, prolongs the art of picture-making unaccountably, and when at length the picture is produced I pronounce it a very poor affair; his eyes and thoughts were elsewhere. Miss — hands each of us a piece of birch bark for her album. I suspect I am a scapegoat, and that mine is but a cover to draw a *billet doux* from Whitehead. What he wrote I wot not, but here is mine—

When first I saw thy merry een,
I longed to be a boy again;
But when I saw thee play romantic,
Oh! then indeed I grew so frantic,
And wished yon little moonlit isle
Would sail with us up in the sky.*

* We are in doubt as to whether this is intended for prose or verse, and shall, therefore, question Mr. Stallknecht upon the subject at the earliest possible moment.—ED. FRANK LESLIE'S ILL. NEWSPAPER.

The ladies want a deer, so we at last get off to hunt, but are quite unsuccessful. Whitehead and one of the ladies, however, while watching on their post, manage to kill a porcupine. The next day I discover a presentation copy of Tennyson's poems in Whitehead's boat, duly dedicated on the thick yellow leaf in front, and point out to him a stray note pinned among the leaves, which he devours and keeps very private in his own fob, and never a word of its contents will he let out. Towards night the party at Camp Downing break

up and bid us good-bye. They are going over the route we have just come.

Wednesday, Aug. 18.—This morning we set out for an excursion to Blue Mountain Lake, about twenty-four miles distant. On our way through Racket Lake we meet Professor Sheldon, of the Free Academy in New York, who is hauling up one lake trout after another with hook and line, at a buoy sunk by him



A FISH-HAWK'S NEST.

some days since, and kept well baited. By his polite invitation, I rig a hook and line in a few minutes, as I always carry a full supply of all kinds of fishing gear, and in a jiffy haul up two large lake trout, each sufficient for a meal.* The wind is blowing high

* We subjoin some "sketchy" but spiteful illustrations by friend Whitehead, of Stallknecht's "Complete Fisherman's Outfit," and what he caught with it—ED. FRANK LESLIE'S ILL. NEWSPAPER.

and freshening, which makes us hurry away to get into the Marion River. Racket Lake, now we see it in all its extent, is not so pretty as some others. There are some burnt spots, as well as clearings on the borders, which mar the beauty of the shores, and disturb the idea of wild solitude that constitutes the great charm of this region. It seems a favorite haunt of the fish-hawks, and several nests in the



LUTE EVANS, THE GUIDE.

tops of dead pines are in sight at once, the young flapping their wings and the old ones screaming above them as we pass.

After having passed through Marion River, Lake Marion and Lake Lyman, we arrive at Blue Mountain Lake about three o'clock, and camp on a most beautiful moss-covered island. The lake itself is exceedingly pretty; high mountains rise from its shores on the three sides, and the foliage is brighter and more variegated than on the lakes below. Sam takes a run with Brave over a large neighboring island, but finds no scent, and a drenching rain soon overtakes us all while waiting for him in the boats. We fly to the tent, cook one of my lake trout, and smoke and spin yarns around a



RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.

roaring camp fire of heavy, dried logs and brushwood. Sam wants to know all about New York city. He fears the place and its sharks more than ever city dame feared the wolves and panthers of the woods. He has never dared to come nearer than Albany, for fear of having some game played on him. He, however, takes courage on our advising him how to avoid both the Scylla and Charybdis of its dangerous navigation, and declares that next fall he'll have "one o' his shirts biled white, his compass set and provided with a map of the town, get landed somewhere in Broadway, which he has been told is an all-fired long and crooked road to travel on." In the midst of his loquacity, one after another of us drops off to sleep, the trees groaning with the chilly wind, and the rain battering the tent.

Thursday, Aug. 19.—It rained all night. Everything is wet. Sam and I go off to try to find some minnies for troling, and in the mouth of a cold brook came on a shoal of over fifty small brook trout, not large enough for game; so we only fish for minnies, of which we soon count a couple of dozen. While thus occupied, a boat arrives from below, containing Mr. T. W. Field, of New York, with our friend, Bill Helms, the trapper, for his guide. At our invitation they join our camp. Mr. Field and Helms climb up to the summit of Blue Mountain, where, on a clear day, twenty-two lakes and ponds can be seen on the green map of tree-tops stretching to the farthest horizon. We had intended to do the same, but do not consider it worth the labor, as the day is cloudy and unpleasant. I troll in the afternoon with my heavy bass rod, with three hundred feet of line on the reel, and a finely-spinning minnie-gang, all over the lake, but do not get a strike. May and June are the only months in which trolling for trout is fairly rewarded. We are bent on having some trout, so we make a set line to put out at night.

Friday, Aug. 20.—One solitary one-pound lake trout was the reward of our night line on taking it up this morning. He is at once sacrificed. The weather is still murky and windy, so we break up camp and row back to Forked Lake, on the way meeting Judge Birdseye's party, who, since we last met them, have shot three deer and caught a few small trout. We get back towards night and dine at Helms', pitching the tent in the woods by the water side, near his house. Mrs. Helms cooks a real good backwoods dinner, with the baby at her breast, and the other young ones turning somersets all over the house, imitating the cries of loons, and certainly animating the scene.

A Mr. Parker, of Boston, has boarded with Helms since March last. He is a character; here is his portrait: Six feet and two inches tall, lank figure, and rather lean, beard untouched for months, hair parted in the middle, and something longer than soaplocks, expression and manner mild and gentle; his age may be forty. If you ask him what he is doing here, he answers, "Well, I am a huntin' and trappin'." Inquire a little into his history, and he will tell you that he graduated at Williams College, in Massachusetts, and afterwards studied medicine for two years and a half at Pittsfield, since when he turned savage. He has crossed the Western prairies, an attaché at one time of Kit Carson's band; has seen Kit shoot two Indians and cut up three more with his double-edged cutlass—all five in one fray. He speaks of Carson with a triumphant smile and glow of countenance. "Gad, he is a customer," says he, "and you may guess he hates them varmints, the Crows and Blackfeet Indians." He has been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and still carries one of the Company's twelve-dollar guns, which I instantly recognized as such, having seen many of them in possession of the Indians on my camping tour in British North America, two years ago; and my acquaintance with the gun, which a hunter, after his dog, regards as his nearest friend, at once established a familiarity between us. He blows the bugle and sax-horn very well; Helms accompanies him on the clarinet, and the two nightly wake up the slumbering echoes of Forked Lake with martial clangor. Parker, moreover, has a wife, who is teaching school in Boston, but she will visit him in September; then they will part again, she to teach the young ideas, and he to teach men how to shoot—she to advance civilization, he to watch its recession among the red men, whose province, as lords of woods and lakes, he usurps, as have many a worse man before him.

If Parker and such as he, however, were the only ones whose inward drift sent them among the Indians, they might worship and love instead of hate and dread the pale faces, for a better-natured and more unostentatious and simple-minded backwoodsman than he you will never meet. He traps with Helms in winter, shoots in summer and fall, and fishes in spring—thus living like a lord of nature. His deer-skin and poultry find a ready market, so that he has money to spare to send to his love in Boston. His outlay for clothing cannot be many dimes in the year, judging from his present rig, yet withal there is about him a noble air and carriage.

Saturday, Aug. 21.—We set out after breakfast for a grand hunt with four dogs and four boats. Sam and Helms put three dogs out on Racket Lake, Parker and I go in one boat up the west fork of Forked Lake, and Hank watches alone a bay below. Whitehead is with Sam. Parker and I row off to our assigned place. His dog soon barks up a track and is lost howling in the woods. We take our station on a ledge of jutting out rocks. Parker climbs the highest promontory, and as he stands there in listening posture watching the shores above and below, leaning on his ancient single-barrelled gun, nearly as long as himself, with a long hunting-knife rudely fashioned from a broken sword, in his belt, with tattered leggings and long beard waving in the breeze, he looks a very image of Leatherstocking.

After two hours' watchful suspense a big doe jumps into the lake a little way off. Parker hushes me not to speak or move. When the deer is some thirty rods off the shore he flings himself into the boat and bids me follow, and in a twinkling heads off the deer and quietly begins to converse with it in hunter's terms, playing the boat around the frightened brute, which turns hither and thither, but at every turn meets Parker's hairy face and boat, which is always shot round ahead of the deer as fast as it turns. Helms' two dogs now appear and stop howling on the shore. Parker courteously gives me the shot. I again suggest whether being a doe we should not let her off. "No," says Parker, "at this season it's no harm; her young have left her some time since, and we are out of venison at the house, though I would never shoot a doe while she is with young or suckling them, and would shoot the man who did it without much ceremony, I tell ye." He rows off at a distance to test my aim and I fire. The deer is badly wounded about the neck and flounders a moment, but soon swims away at much slackened pace. Parker rows up and catches her by the tail to prevent her sinking, and while so holding her I send a charge of buckshot through the neck, completely severing her windpipe, and she dies without another struggle. We row home to the house after cleaning her out on the shore. The day is quite windy, which accounts for the want of success of the rest of the party.

Towards evening, as Whitehead and I are smoking at our lurid camp fire, a boat appears at the nearest point heading for us. We soon welcome in our professional brother, Mr. Goodman, of New York, and his friend Mr. Cheney. They are tired and hungry. Mr. Goodman accepts our proffered hospitality, and we cook him a nice ramrod toast of venison with a cup of tea, and during the repast he tells us the news in New York, from which, reckoning by time, we are as distant as if we were in France or England. Parker and Helms are making music for a camp of Burlington youths who arrived this afternoon, and are camped at a point below. On their way home they pay us a visit, and at our request give us a couple of tunes. They play "Liverpool" and "Uncle Ned" in two flats, the latter winding up with pathetic *trilla*. It is amusing and withal gratifying to witness the earnest sincerity with which they try to do their very best of blowing. We thank them for the entertainment. Goodman passes the night with us in the tent.

Sunday, Aug. 22.—I went out with Sam for a row, a little exercise and an airing in the forenoon, and while reclining in the boat in a shady cove, reading Tennyson's "Maud," Goodman and Helms came

up from Little Forked Lake with a big buck Goodman has shot. We dine with Mr. Goodman at Helms' house, and after dinner bid him good-bye and load up to float down stream on our homeward way. As soon as we are fairly off, a violent thunder storm sets in which lasts all day and night. The rain falls in torrents, and my india-rubber suit comes in good stead. About six miles below Helms' house there is a carry of two miles, over which we walk with our guns, but the guides, stripped of all clothing except shirt and hat, manage to float the boats through, lightened of our persons, though to accomplish it they are obliged to wade in water frequently to the armpits, and at times as the boat leaps down the rapids where the water is overhead deep, they catch hold by the stern and float along, checking the velocity by skillful use of legs and feet on the jutting rocks. The boats, however, have to be landed and carried around Buttermilk Falls, separating Forked and Long Lakes.

After crossing a second carry, the guides still running the boats over the rapids, we arrive at Cary's house on Long Lake, and out of consideration for the guides who have worked like sea-horses the last four hours, we stow away the truck under the up-turned boats on the sand beach, and walk up to the house, where we pass the night, after having tasted effectively of Mrs. Cary's cookery. Cary has a large clearing and a neat house, but you must whisper in the bed-rooms and blow out your lights, for only lath separates you from your neighbors, as at Wilbur's. Several New Yorkers were rusticated at the house; Mr. Field, whom we met on Blue Mountain Lake, Mr. Boese and Professor Sheldon, and their ladies.

Monday, Aug. 23.—It is bitter cold this morning. As soon as we are afloat down Long Lake, I have to rub and blow my fingers to keep them warm. We pass several houses and clearings on the margin of the water. At one of these we espy Robertson, the head guide of Mr. Brace's party, and row up for a parley. The party are at Rock Pond, where they shot a buck the first day, but their appetites have been so ravenous that the provision bag has given out, and Robertson has been sent off like an Oliver Twist for more. Whitehead sends a *billet doux* along. Lower down we visit the camping ground of Mr. Arnold, a fine old sportsman of Keeseville, and on a bluff still further down we stop to examine the completest bark shanty I have yet seen in the woods, built, as appears from the pictorial inscription upon it, by a Mr. Robertson of Philadelphia. At the outlet of the lake a camp of two tents is pitched. It is the party of Messrs. Starr, two gentlemen and three ladies. We meet one of them in their boat watching for deer, their dog being on a run.

Again we float down the lovely Racket River, protected by its cosy banks from the cold piercing wind. At the Racket Falls we land for a portage a mile in length, and camp at the lower end of it. The night is cold. We kindle two camp fires, one at each end of the tent, and I put on an extra thick sailor's woollen jacket. We tried for trout at nightfall below the falls, but, alas! without success. Sam says they never rise on such cold days.

Tuesday, Aug. 24.—The night was biting cold, yet with our good preparations we slept very comfortable. On setting out after breakfast we let Brave have a run, and watched the river closely, but he either failed in hitting a right scent or drove in below us or in some pond, for we saw no deer. While on the watch I sat quietly observing the motions of two muskrats and a mink, sliding about on the shore perfectly noiseless. By arrangement with Whitehead I push ahead over the Indian carry, past Bartlett's down to Martin's house, for letters and news, agreeing to meet him at the outlet of Round Lake in the morning.

Wednesday, Aug. 25.—I slept at Martin's last night, and after three weeks of isolation from the world, I devour my letters and newspapers with avidity. The latter are full of Atlantic telegraph rejoicings, City Hall burnings and peace with China. At the appointed hour I join Whitehead at the rendezvous. Martin sent up two extra boats and three dogs to give us a grand hunt the last day out. We each take our station and watch faithfully all day long, but get no deer. My post was on Umbrella Point, on Round Lake. At night we creep down to Martin's rather jaded and tired, shake hands with the new comers, among whom are Mr. Dunning and his two boys, of Staten Island, and Mr. Strong and lady, of Flushing. They applaud our success in hunting, which has been full as good as the average, and learn that none of the parties have been successful in trout this month. Mr. Campbell, of Otsego, comes in at night with a string of fine game brook trout, caught by him since morning, seven miles up Cold Brook, with bait.

Thursday, Aug. 26.—We settle up our score, and bid Martin, the guides and his guests good-bye, and set out for Keeseville early in the morning, and arrive there in time to take a good supper at Taggart's Adirondack House, and to take the boat at Port Kent for Burlington. Nothing happened on the road except that our guns and fishing-rods slid off the wagon unperceived; but on walking back a couple of miles they are handed to us by a toll-gate keeper. An honest charcoal driver has found them, and left them with word he thinks the gentlemen ought to give him a quarter. How pleasant to carry away with you the recollection of this humble man's straightforward honesty. We rewarded him as we thought he deserved.

Friday, Aug. 27.—At three o'clock this morning we were landed from the Burlington boat at the Fort Ti House, at Fort Ticonderoga, and slept till daybreak. The forenoon we pass in fishing on Lake Champlain, and catch innumerable perch and large sunfish, but the pickerel will not strike our trolling tackle, although a fisherman from Lake George is rowing near us and hauling them in successfully. He thinks it is owing to my spoons being too glistening: his are of dark copper. Whitehead makes an excellent sketch of the ruins of the old fort, and at two o'clock we set out to walk to Lake George, six miles off. The road winds through a pretty country, full of reminiscences of the early French wars as well as of the Revolution, and through the village of Ticonderoga situated on a pretty little pond. The new steamboat Minnehaha carries us down Lake George. It rains and drizzles the whole way, so that the sloping shores and bluff rocks and little sweet islands look as if they had gone into mourning. It is near eight o'clock when we land at the Fort William Henry Hotel at Caldwell's, and shake hands with city friends who express astonishment at our sunburnt skin and healthy looks. The ladies are dancing to gay music. The only effect it has on me is to make me yawn, so I tumble into bed, only to rise again on

Saturday, Aug. 28, at four in the morning, to take the stage for a fifteen mile pretty woodland ride to get into the cars; thence we are hurried on via Saratoga, Troy and the Hudson River Railroad to New York, regretting nothing more than that it is the return instead of the starting day, and longing for next summer's vacation and another trip to the woods.

Is not this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the leafy lang,
And cherish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Vote by Ballot.—It seems strange to read in a New Zealand paper a debate in the New Zealand House of Representatives upon the expediency of vote by ballot. After a long and energetic discussion in that Antipodean assembly on the 8th of July, the house divided, and vote by ballot was lost by 14 to 11. It must be confessed that the enormous frauds perpetrated in our elections are damaging the reputation of that institution. We should like to know why Jollie's glass ballot boxes are not used? They are the only preventions to stuffing the boxes, and so don't suit our politicians. We must have a registry law to prevent such frauds as appear to have been practised in the Third District, where more votes were polled than there are votes.

The musician who composed the "march of intellect" is engaged on a new opera.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Kissing a Bride.—A merry scene is said to have occurred in the vestry of the chapel at St. Cloud after the marriage ceremony of the Duc de Malakoff. It is the custom among the country people of the Duke's native province for the gentlemen of the bridal party to make a rush for the "bride's kiss," as they call it, the first kiss of the newly-made bride, which entitles the happy possessor to the left hand of the bride in the procession on leaving the chapel. The struggle between the Emperor and Lucien Murat caused the greatest merriment. The Emperor was permitted, by courtesy, to proclaim himself the victor, but Prince Lucien protested against the decision most vehemently, and declared that the kiss had been rightfully conquered by him.

A Strange Story.—A prima donna of the Italian Opera House in Paris, who has lately risen to great fame and acquired a first-rate position on those boards, has just been claimed as his daughter by one of the highest functionaries of the country. The claimant is possessed of rank, wealth and influence, and though it was well known in the young lady's family that the great man in question was in reality her father, yet no notice of the connection was taken by him until her successful *début* caused him to feel a pride in his offspring. His anti-musical tastes had prevented him from following her through her musical education, and he was therefore as much surprised as delighted at her success. He has just made her an official offer of recognition and formal adoption, with the bestowal of his name and wealth, in addition to the advantage of the magnificent position to which he would raise her. But she has surprised him still more by the manner of her refusal. "My father refused to recognize me when I was in poverty and obscurity, now, that I am celebrated and rich, I refuse to recognize him. Let us be strangers to each other."

Woman's Wit, or rather her Artful Dodging.—The following anecdote will give you an insight into a branch of Parisian commerce not, I believe, fully known. A gentleman, owner of a house containing several suites of apartments, had rented one of them to an old man and his daughter. Hearing that the old man had been sick for a long time, and unable to attend to his business, the proprietor thought he would call upon these people, and let them know that he would not distress them for the rent which would soon become due, and that they might pay him some future time, when the old man should have regained his health. The daughter, to whom he addressed himself upon the subject, seemed duly grateful for his great kindness, but expressed herself ready to pay the rent when the time for payment arrived.

The proprietor was much astonished to find that the young lady had money, as he knew that they had always been poor, and begged leave to know where she could have obtained the means. She replied that she worked for it. "Why," replied he, "I never see you go out, what kind of work do you do?" "My occupation is a novel one, I imagine," replied the young lady. "I am an advancer of work; ladies who are engaged embroidering or doing any of the ornamental work, to which ladies are addicted, and who wish to leave their homes, and at the same time have the work go on, send it to me. The next morning I send it back far advanced, and persons who saw the ladies at work the day before exclaim, Why, how much you have done? An evening's absence is thus not noticed, and as in general, these ladies are well to do, I get well paid." The proprietor retired, profoundly impressed with the novelty of this occupation, and the ingenuity of the Parisian ladies. Thus you see a jealous husband quits the house for his club, leaving his better half hard at work upon a purse or a pair of slippers for him. The next morning he observes, with satisfaction, that the work is far advanced. Really, there is no end to woman's wit.

Wedding Toilettes.—As all young ladies admire what is elegant and *recherché*, we present them with a description of some dresses worn at a recent fashionable wedding. The bride wore a dress of white glaze silk, having two flounces of Brussels lace, a Brussels lace fall, trimmed with orange blossoms, lilies and roses, and a wreath of the same. She also wore a costly diamond necklace, and a very handsome and costly brooch. The bridesmaids wore dresses of white sacrailla muslin, over which glaze trimmed with bullions over pink satin; the headresses wore Scottish snoods of pink terry velvet. The mother of the bride wore a blue glaze dress with blue and white silk side trimmings; the headress of pink velvet. Another dress worn was of white chine trimmed with groselle glaze; headress of marabout feathers and pink flower. Again, a dress of mauve glaze, trimmed with platings of satin ribbons; headress of pink and white frosted flowers. Another lady wore a purple and white brocaded silk; headress, cerise velvet and pearls. Whilst another wore a white figured muslin, trimmed with white Maltese lace over blue; headress of pink velvet and flowers.

Black Eyes versus Blue.—The brilliancy, the warmth, the depth of feeling, of the jet black eye, or the pensive hazel, is so generally sung, that our fair Saxon sisters will rejoice to find they have some admirers still. It is, we should fear, a hopeless case with whoever penned the following; poor fellow, we truly sympathize with him:

"What a charm there is in blue eyes! I don't mean gray eyes—they are cold—but real blue eyes. You can almost look clear into them. Away down, down, you can see the whole heart and soul in the depths of them. There is no deceit in a blue eye. Black eyes may have a warm heart behind them, but they don't show it. Blue eyes are windows to let the sunshine of a happy, loving nature shine upon us poor mortals of the outer world."

A Pleasant Scene.—The *Court Journal* furnishes us with the following, which may be interesting to some of our readers:

"The ball given by the Queen to the servants and gillies at Balmoral is a scene never witnessed elsewhere in the kingdom, as the Sovereign mixes freely in the pleasures and enjoyments of the humblest of her subjects. The presence of her Majesty on this occasion is not a mere cold and formal recognition of the *fête* by a ceremonious circuit of the ball-room, and a short stay while one dance is performed with the most solemn decorum, but is a free and general commingling with her retainers on a holiday. The whole Court, of course, take their cue from the example of the Sovereign, and lords and gentlemen, though not exactly 'colleagues of the honor,' yet choose their partners freely from among the female domestics of the royal establishment, and dance away with vigor and elasticity which would perfectly astound some of the ab bodied but languid 'lions' of Belgravia. Prince Alfred might be seen footing it away merrily with a buxom housemaid whom he had selected as his partner; and little Prince Arthur, too, had his favorites among the maids, who might fairly be called, for this night only, 'Maid of Honor.' Neither the Prince Consort nor the Count de Flandres danced; but the Countess Persigny, with the true vivacity and *esprit* of a Frenchwoman, with one of the young Princes or some of the gentlemen for her partners, entered heartily into the spirit of the *fête*, and danced several times among the servants. Both Prince Arthur and Prince Alfred wore the Highland dress, and, of course, on such an occasion, there was no lack of Highland dances. Altogether, it was a ball of which it is difficult to exaggerate the amount of pleasure it conferred."

New Fashions for Ladies.—The correspondent of *The Press* has heard, "on excellent authority," that the Empress and some of her ladies have lately been engaged in making all manner of experiments on dress as regards form, and development, and color; and that the result is, "that they have determined before long to inaugurate a violent reaction to the present style; that is to say, to have dresses short enough to display the foot and ankle, instead of trailing on the ground; to diminish immensely their prodigious development; and in the place of colors more or less staid, to have the brightest and gayest hues imaginable."

Fashionable House-keeping.—A correct type we fear of too many households, which is not likely to cease while the prevailing youthful marriages are not only sanctioned but sought by many parents. A friend of ours, remarkable for strong good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else.

One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to his dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chamber-maid knew no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired her husband, very coolly.

"Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction."

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise, "you certainly do not mean to say that you cannot cook a dinner."

"Certainly do, then," replied his wife. "How should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but a look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," he answered; "as much surprised as I should be in finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't you know how to cook, and the mistress of a family? Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it, and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

Dangers of Exploring.—Our readers will no doubt remember that Mr. Coulthard was despatched about a year ago by the British Government to explore the interior of Australia. Not having heard of him they sent Mr. Babbage and a party after him. Despatches have been received from Mr. Babbage, who was still prosecuting his exploration, but he does not appear to have succeeded in finding any country that can be easily made available. His letter, dated June 16th, describes the finding of Mr. Coulthard's remains. The body of the unfortunate man lay under a scrub bush, and at a short distance from him his canteen and other bush accoutrements. Upon one side of that canteen, offering a convex surface of tin about twelve inches long and ten inches deep, is scratched with a nail, or some other rough pointed instrument, the following inscription:

"I never reached water. I do not know how long it is since it is that I left Scott and Brooks but I think it Monday bledding pump to lieve of his blood I took his black horse to look for water and the last thing I can remember is pulling the saddle off him & letting him go until now is not good. I am not to shure how long it may be wether 2 or 3 days I do not know. My Tung is stik to my mouth & I see what I have rote I know it is this is the last time I may have of expressing feeling alive & the feeling exu is lost for want of water. My eye dancels. My tong burn. I can see no More God help."

Major Warburton has also returned to Adelaide from his exploring tour, but he does not seem to have been more successful.

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 specimens, except of stitches or other articles in her own
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 Cottons of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England,
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JIM H— tells a good yarn about one of our "shell-bark lawyers." His client was up on two small charges, "frivolous charges," as shell bark designated them (forging a note of hand and stealing a horse). On running his eye over the jury he didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence in Alabama of a principal witness. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner, who, shaking his head, said, "Squire, I can't swear to that dockment." "Why?" "Kase hit haint true." Old Shell inflated and exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the room. "What! forge a note an' steal a horse, an' can't swear to a lie! D—n such infernal fools." And he left the conscientious one to his fate.

WHAT light could not possibly be seen in a dark room? An Israelite.

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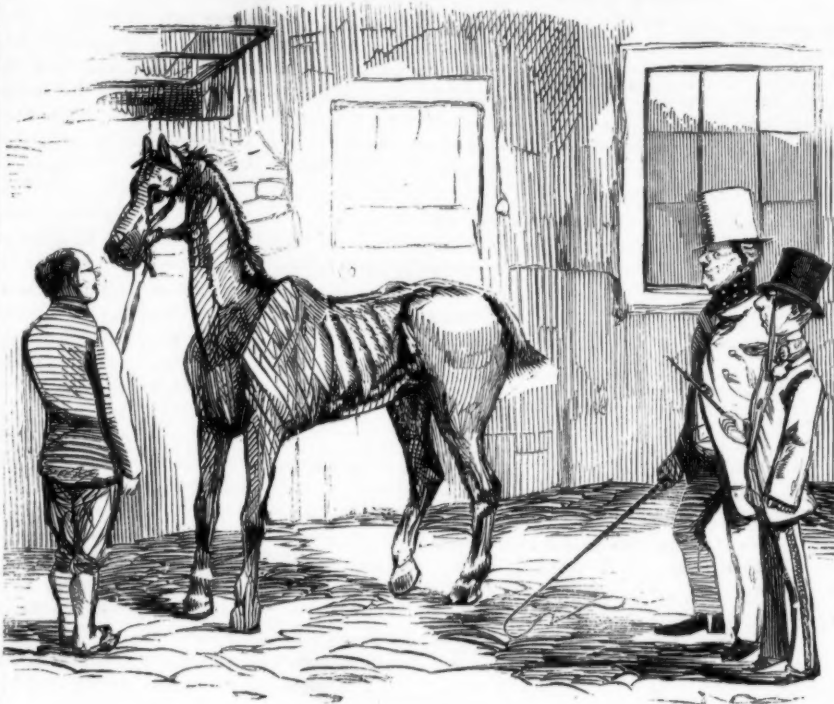
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"I believe you are connected with the church in — street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"What! are you not a member of the African Church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson?" If I may be permitted to ask.

"Why, I tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand; "it was just like this. I jined dat church in good faif. I gib ten dollars to-

wards de stated preaching ob de Gospel de fus' year, and de peepil all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church peepil call me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No; the razor goes very well."

"Well, sah, de third year I felt berry poor, sickness in my family, and I didn't gib nuffin for preaching. Well, sah, after dat dey call me Old Nigger Dickson, and I leff 'em!"

So saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left the church.

A HEALTHY PLACE.—In discoursing upon local matters, the Green Bay Advocate says: We have heard of but two cases of sickness in town—both printers; one of them had an attack of rum-atism, and the other caught a cold by sleeping with his mouth open.

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VERDANT SOUTHERNER—"What kind of animal's that?"

NEWS BOY—"Look behind you, there's one of 'em."



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GENT (severely "got up")—"I say, mister, I've dropped my umbrella. Will you oblige a feller by picking it up, I've got such a dooced stiff back!"

MISTER (who knows a thing or two)—"I've had a stiff back ever since I was an infant in arms, so pick it up yourself."